'COME SLEEP WITH ME'

BOOKLENGTH SPY THRILLER

IND.

Men

25¢ TRUE • ADVENTURE

'DR.' ED'S SCIENTIFIC GIRL-TRAP

NEW YORK'S INCREDIBLE CON MAN

NOV.

Foreign Legionnaire's story:

'HELL TASTES LIKE THIS'

"We're looking for people who like to draw"

BY ALBERT DORNE

Famous Magazine Illustrator

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW? If you do—America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We want you to test your art talent!

Too many people miss a wonderful career in art—simply because they don't think they have talent. But my colleagues and I have helped thousands of people get started. Like these—

Don Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Don knew nothing about art—even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in the South—and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she sent for our talent test. Once convinced that she had the makings of an artist—she started to study art at home. Soon she was offered a job as a fashion artist. A year later, she became assistant art director of a big buying office.

Pipe-fitter to Artist

John Busketta is another. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company—until he decided to do something about his urge to draw. He still works for the same company—but as an artist in the advertising department. At a big increase in pay!

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a major automobile company. Now he helps design new car models!

Salesgirl, Clerk, and Father of Three Win New Careers

A West Virginia salesgirl studied with us, got a job as an artist, later became advertising manager of the best store in Charleston.

John Whitaker of Memphis, Tenn., was an airline clerk when he began studying with us. Two years later, he won a national cartooning contest. Recently, a huge syndicate signed him to do a daily comic strip.

Stanley Bowen—a married man with three children, unhappy in a dead-end job—switched to a great new career in art. Now he's one of the happiest men you'll ever meet!

Profitable Hobby—at 72

A great-grandmother in Newark, Ohio, decided to use her spare time to study painting. Recently, she had her first local "one man" show—where she sold thirty-two water colors and five oil paintings.

Cowboy Starts Art Business

Donald Kern—a cowboy from Miles City, Montana—studied art with us. Now he paints portraits and sells them for $250 each. And he gets all the business he can handle.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

How about you? Wouldn't you like to trade places with these happy artists?

Free Art Talent Test

We want to help you find out if you have the talent for a fascinating money-making art career (part time or full time). We'll be glad to send you our remarkably revealing 12-page talent test. Thousands formerly paid $1 for this test. But we'll send it to you *free*—if you sincerely like to draw. No obligation. But mail coupon today.

America's 12 Most Famous Artists

ALBERT DORNE

NORMAN ROCKWELL

JON WHITCOMB

AL PARKER

HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

STEVAN DOHANOS

FRED LUDEKENS

PETER HELCK

ROBERT FAWCETT

BEN STAHL

DONG KINGMAN

AUSTIN BRIGGS

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS

Studio 266. Westport, Conn.

Send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr.
Mrs. _____ Age____
Miss (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

MEN'S NEWSLETTER

An exclusive report to men on . . . jobs . . . money . . . crime . . . gadgets . . . leisure

GRAVY TRAIN . . . If you want a whale of a free overseas summer vacation by next summer, hie yourself to some college now. Mobil Oil plans to send rah-rah guys to France, Italy, Germany, all over, to get 'em keen about foreign work later on. You'll get travel and living expenses, plus dough—all types wanted (not just engineers) and no obligation. And watch for other companies to join the party . . .

You panic about not being around for the phone call that tells you you're king? For five bucks merely, Bell Telephone will sell you a shirt-pocket-size radio whistler that'll screech to let you know you're wanted even if you're 8 miles from home. Service charge is $5/mo., for 80 calls . . .

Why don't more guys check their city salvage departments for fantastic giveaways? Philly, for instance, has for dirt-cheap a '38 library bus (heater, fan, fire extinguisher) plus ambulances, police cars, other vehicles. LA has a batch of motorcycles, NYC a paddy wagon or two. How can you go wrong on twenty, thirty bucks a throw? . . . For absolutely free: since they switched to ballpoints, the Post Office has about a trillion old-style pens to give away. If you want a thousand or so, write 'em in Washington . . .

If your frail's over 17, tell her Helene Curtis, the beauty people, has an ad gimmick going that could pay her enough for you both to get hitched on. Tell her to write 'em after she grows her hair long enough to sit on it . . .

Add outfits offering recruiting cash: First National City Bank in NYC Shells out $50 for recommending a friend who stays on the job at least 12 weeks . . . Check life insurance houses for a stock investment that could centuple your money fast. If you put $1000 in Lincoln National Life in '43, say, you'd have $56,555 today . . .

You may be rushing pall mall to those new-fangled discount stores, but what you don't know is that electrical appliances sell for 12% less at most any stodgy old mail order house . . . If you've got a Volkswagen too, $165 buys you a Judson supercharger that boosts its power 45% . . . Don't work when you can play: you can buy a lawn scythe with a golf-club grip for $4.95 . . .

PAY WINDOW . . . Pop your eyes if you must—you can earn Stork Club money these days selling your common household dirt. Enda Laboratories in New York City shovels out $3 a pound for what you're now sweeping under the rug—they squeegee it into a concentrate doctors use to treat certain allergies. Don't let the catch throw you: they want it in 500-pound bales only, but that adds up to $1500 if you've got the guts to save your filth . . .

You can make 259 lousy dollars grow and grow and grow by mailing it to the Shell Electronic Co. in Brooklyn. Here's the deal: they'll send you a fabulous TV tube-checker, a little box that an idiot can operate. You set it up anywhere, maybe in the corner of your old man's beanery. TV owners come around with tubes to check—they can do it themselves and you charge 'em nothing. The sweetmeat: there's a rack in the box to stack replacements, which you buy on consignment (they cost you nothing) and which you dole out at a smackingly healthy mark-up. Guy in Chi got his investment back in 43 days . . .

Hottest opening for overseas stiffs is still that $125-million oil refinery Bechtel's building in Aden, Saudi Arabia. Take home is $1500/mo., and what you'll learn about the troubled Middle East will make you a pasha at parties in Paducah. Caution: you've got to sell yourself as top construction talent . . .

continued on page 12

TASTE THIS...

...the sick-salty blood from a Legionnaire's mutilated corpse (p. 8)... the bitter end of Eddie Grammer, who couldn't stop at adultery (p. 14)... the sweet flavor of money in Uncle Sam's job jackpot (p. 22). No matter what your palate, here's food for reading adventure...

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ARTHUR MARCHAND — circulation director

Men

TRUE ADVENTURES

November, 1957 ● Volume 6, Number 8

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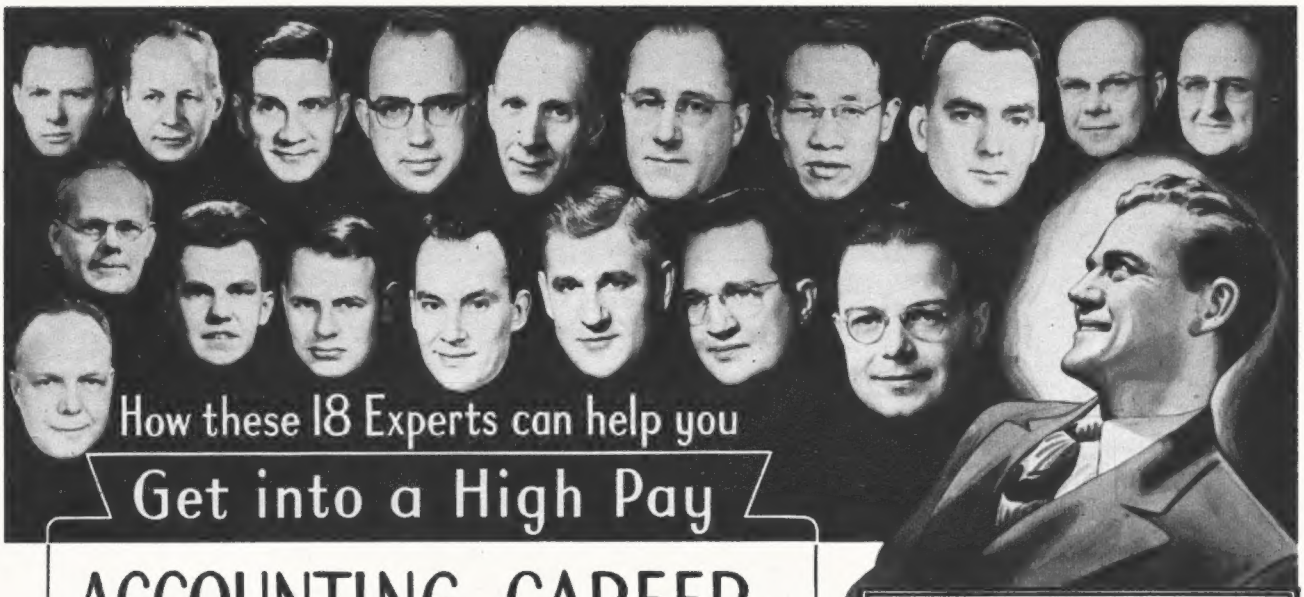

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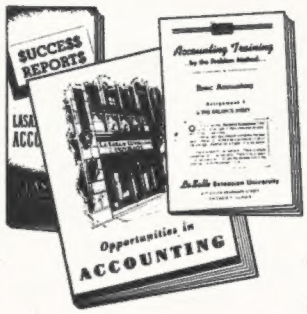

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Cold to Turkey

To the Editor:

In your May issue was the story "All My Sons Are Brave"—to me it *stinks*. . . . It did nothing but make cowards of the American POWs. . . . Our GIs went through just as much hell as the Turks. . . . Give our GIs some credit. . . . Write about them, instead of making cowards of them. . . .

A/1c Robert H. Hicks
APO, New York

Sorry you didn't like the story, Airman Hicks. MEN has featured articles on American GIs regularly. But MEN's Editors (who include combat veterans) think many readers appreciate articles on brave soldiers—no matter what country they come from.

Overseas Type

To the Editor:

In the March MEN's Newsletter you . . . wrote about jobs overseas for typists. The jobs were with the U.S. Government. . . . How do I go about applying?

Spencer Hubbell
Los Angeles, Calif.

Check the local office of USES (United States Employment Service).

No Noose

To the Editor:

Just want to let you know I enjoy your magazine a lot . . . and especially the artists you use. They sure can make a good story twice as exciting. . . . But what was the artist of "Southpaw Hangman of Fort Smith" (Sept. MEN) thinking about? I know a lot about knots and if that's a hangman's noose I'll use it myself. . . .

Larry Grabler
Detroit, Mich.

You may be right, Larry. But as for us, we never got that close to a noose. It looked good enough to us.

GI Debate

To the Editor:

I read "Love-Love Girls of the 38th Parallel" (Sept. MEN) and think that it was great. . . . I was in Korea for over a year and a half and the story sure was true. . . .

Pfc Philip Ketcham
APO, San Francisco

To the Editor:

Why do you publish stories like "Love-Love Girls of the 38th Parallel"? It was just a piece of . . . sensational writing. . . . I served in Korea for two years and your story just wasn't the straight goods. . . .

Capt. Walter Oz
APO, New York

We're Human, Too

To the Editor:

Wrote to Connecticut Manufacturers' Association for job info as suggested in MEN's July Newsletter. Letter came back saying no such outfit in Stamford. Where are they?

Lee Evanshanski
Portland, Me.

They're in West Hartford, Lee, at 928 Farm Ave. MEN's Newsletter Editor goofed.

Schoolmistress?

To the Editor:

I thought the pictures of Midge Carson (Oct. MEN) were great. . . . What I want to know is does she come from Topeka? I had a high school music teacher who looked exactly like her three years ago. . . .

Fred Remington
Kansas City, Kans.

Midge Carson doesn't come from Kansas, Fred, and she says she never taught school. But—you certainly make us jealous of your music lessons, if your teacher looked anything like Midge *(below)*.

Midge Carson—no music

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"Hell tastes like this..."

Only 1 in 20 escapes alive the tortures of "the damned"

by WALTER KANITZ

SHROUDED in mystery since its beginning in 1831, the French Foreign Legion has inspired many legends. Much of what has been written of the Legion has been based on rumor and hearsay draped as fact. During World War II, Walter Kanitz fought with the Legion in Africa. Here is the blood-chilling true story of what service in the Legion is really like.

One writer has claimed that only five out of every hundred volunteers for the Foreign Legion (*Continued on page* 44)

From *The White Kepi* by Walter Kanitz.
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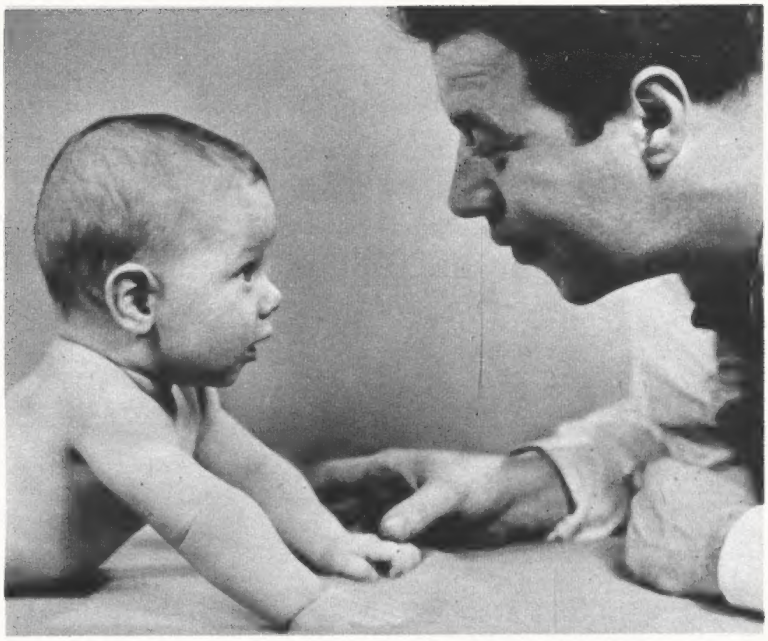
YOUR MOVE, DAD!



The first frantic months of fatherhood are over. You have time now to really enjoy the new baby—and time to really think ahead.

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DUEL IN NO MAN'S LAND

By moonlight the Poilu and the Nazi fought WW II's strangest battle

by Jackson Burke

Art by Syd Shores

A METAL door clanged open behind one of the French machine-gun positions and a lean French officer wriggled out. At the same moment, out of a forward German listening post came a man in the field gray of the *Wehrmacht*. Steadily they walked towards each other, alone on that muddy battlefield.

The night of March 12, 1940, was clear, the blasted landscape brightly lit by what the French *poilus* called a "sniper's moon." There wouldn't be any action in the no-man's land between the Maginot Line and the Siegfried Line that night. But there was going to be "action"—of a kind that fitted the 16th century more than the 20th. Hand-to-hand, single combat, under the eyes of the watching armies.

They met on a grassy plot midway between the lines, two men, each carrying a rifle with fixed bayonet. The German grounded the butt of his rifle, clicked his heels, then raised the weapon in a precise salute. For a moment the Frenchman hesitated, then returned the salute—and spat in the German's direction to show his true feelings. Both men dropped back, rifles raised and bayonets presented, circling for an opening. The long, thin French bayonet seeking for a hole in the solid German defense.

The most incredible hand-to-hand duel in modern warfare had begun.

These two men fought in 1940, but their battle really began in the summer of 1938.

The Frenchman, Lt. Louis Doré, was an Alsatian by birth. Since he spoke German perfectly, he found himself attached to the French embassy in Berlin and doing very confidential work. Pre-war Germany was filled with unhappy people, victims of the Nazi purges who desired to help Germany by working against Hitler. Louis Doré was one of the French contact men that sought these people out and enlisted their aid for French Intelligence. It was in the course of this work that he first met Marianne Berg.

One of Louis' informants in Berlin was Dr. Aaron Berg, a prosperous dentist. Dr. Berg had managed for quite awhile to conceal the fact that he was Jewish, but eventually the *Gestapo* found out and he was arrested. He had left a letter with Louis, with instructions that it be opened only after his arrest. Louis did so, and (*Continued on page* 42)

"I Got My Start in Music This 'TEACH-YOURSELF' Way"

...says famous orchestra leader

LAWRENCE WELK

Television Star of "The Lawrence Welk Show"

[MONDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS-ABC-TV]

I got my start in music with a U.S. School Course. How easy it is to learn to read notes and play music this "teach yourself" way! In fact, this school did so much for me that I enrolled my two daughters.

Lawrence Welk

FROM FARM TO FAME. Above are Lawrence Welk and his famous "Champagne Music" orchestra of TV fame. When Welk was a farm lad, a U. S. School of Music Course taught him to read and play music in his spare time.

You, Too, Can Play Your Favorite Instrument — Even If You Don't Know a Single Note of Music Now! Start Right Out Playing Real Pieces by NOTE. No Private Teacher or Special "Talent" Needed.

WHY are you cheating yourself of the thrills of playing your favorite instrument? You think it's "too hard" to teach yourself? You can't afford private lessons? The nearest teacher is too far away? It would take "too long" to learn? You lack "special talent"?

Over 900,000 people have found a simple answer to these common difficulties. One of them was a North Dakota farm boy named Lawrence Welk. Early in life he showed a great love of music, and by 13 had learned to play his father's old "squeeze box" by ear. Then, after years of hard farm labor, came the wonderful day when he was rewarded with a modern accordion. He enrolled in the home study Accordion Course of the U. S. School of Music and was soon playing real music by note. Thus he started on the road that led to fame and a dazzling career, climaxed by the present triumph of Lawrence Welk and his "Champagne Music" on ABC-TV.

What Can Playing Music Do for YOU?

Of course, you may simply want to learn to play for the sheer joy of it. The thrill of "pouring out your heart" in music. The fun of entertaining your friends—of being invited to play at gay parties, dances, and socials, where you meet interesting people, build your self-confidence. The pleasures of *appreciating* music more.

Regardless of what YOU want out of music, here's the quick easy way to get it! In just a few weeks, you can be playing REAL MUSIC on the piano, accordion, guitar, saxophone, or whatever your favorite instrument may be. Not by any "trick" method. But actually reading and playing real sheet music — so easily and confidently that your friends will be amazed! They will suspect that you've "known how" for years.

Enjoy All These Advantages

You learn-by-playing. No boring scales and exercises. Lessons consist of delightful songs, hymns, waltzes, etc., with simple how-to-play-it directions and large clear pictures. Learn right in the privacy of your own home, in any spare time you choose. This easy do-it-yourself way spares you the inconvenience and personality problems of having a private teacher —and costs only about a TENTH as much. No special "talent" or previous knowledge of music needed. Everything is so clearly explained—so easy to understand—even youngsters "catch on" right away. Whole family can learn for price of one. Mail coupon now.

And Here's What Other Students Say

High School Boy Learns Very Quickly

"Couldn't play a note. Now play at parties. All my friends were surprised and asked me how I learned so quickly." —Bobby Smith, Grove Hill, Ala.

Excels Friend Who Has Teacher

"I didn't know a note. Now I play for parties. A friend (taking lessons from private teacher same length of time) is still doing simple exercises." —Marie Van Hulle, Manitoba, Canada.

"How Happy I Am"

"How happy I am. I play for parties, entertainments. Never once thought I would be able to play the piano. Thanks a million!" —Cora Franklin Duke, Bumpass, Va.

"Friends Were Amazed"

"Didn't know a note on piano. In a short time I could play simple hymns. Friends were amazed. Now entertain at parties, play at church." —Samuel Moses, Mt. Vernon, Tenn.

Mail Coupon for FREE BOOK

Let us SHOW you why our way to learn music is so EASY—and so much fun! See why our method has been so successful for 59 years. Read actual letters from our students, many of whom never dreamed they could play until we showed them how. Mail the coupon for our valuable 36-page *FREE BOOK*. No obligation, no salesman will call on you. It can mean *so much* to you for the rest of your entire life—if you will mail the coupon TODAY! **U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Studio A1211, Port Washington, N. Y.** *Reduced prices on instruments to our students.*

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Studio A1211, Port Washington, N. Y.

I am interested in learning to play, particularly the instrument checked below. Please send me your free illustrated booklet, "How to Learn Music at Home." NO SALESMAN IS TO CALL UPON ME.

☐ Piano	☐ Pipe, Hammond, Reed Organ	☐ Piccolo
☐ Guitar	☐ Tenor Banjo	☐ Modern Elementary Harmony
☐ Steel Guitar	☐ Ukulele	☐ Mandolin
☐ Violin	☐ Clarinet	☐ Practical Finger Control
☐ Piano Accordion	☐ Trombone	
☐ Saxophone	☐ Flute	
☐ Trumpet, Cornet		

Do you have the Instrument?.....

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
(Please Print Carefully)

Address .....

City..... State.....
(Insert Zone Number, If Any)

☐ CHECK HERE for Booklet A if you are under 18 years.

Make More Money Soon Fixing Electric Appliances

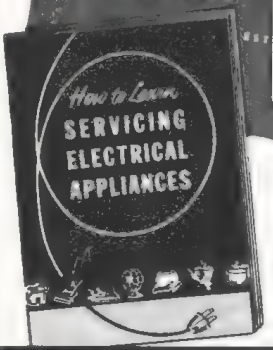
Actual Lesson FREE

Fast Growing Field Offers Good Pay, Security Interesting Work

Learn at Home in Spare Time

Earn more money. Enjoy doing important, interesting work. Learn Electrical Appliance Servicing. This is a field of increasing opportunity. Today there is an average of 8 appliances in every wired home. More than eighty million additional appliances, valued at about 8 billion dollars sold in one year. Find out more about this great, growing field. Find out how NRI can train you, at home and in spare time to be an Appliance Service Technician. See how you can start soon to make extra money servicing appliances.

Over 40 Years Experience Backs Up NRI Training



Add to Your Income Soon After Enrollment

Opportunities Increasing for Service Technicians

NRI Training is practical, thorough. You get easy-to-understand lessons, *and* NRI supplies parts to build professional type Multi-Use Tester. Use it to get practical experience. Soon, you can add to your income by servicing appliances. Build a profitable *sideline* for your spare time—qualify for a good job—develop a business and be your own boss. As an Appliance Service Technician, your opportunities are broad—your services wanted, gladly paid for, highly regarded in your community.

Appliances are necessary to comfortable, convenient living. Owners pay well to keep them in repair. The field is amazingly big. In addition to major appliances such as electric ranges, air conditioners, refrigerators, there are over 40,000,000 electric irons, 5,000,000 electric blankets, 15,000,000 coffee makers, plus more millions of vacuum cleaners, fans, toasters, mixers, etc.

Find Out What Appliance Repair Offers You

Learn and Earn with Tester Diploma when You Finish

Locate appliance troubles easily with Portable Appliance Tester you build. You use it to learn and do actual electric appliance repair jobs. For only $2.50 with enrollment and $5 per month, get training including Tester—a small price to pay for increased earnings. Mail coupon for Sample Lesson and Book—your first step toward more interesting work, bigger earnings. **NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. G1M7, Washington 16, D.C.**

Mail Coupon FOR LESSON AND BOOK FREE

National Radio Institute
Dept. G1M7, Washington 16, D.C.

Please send me Electric Appliance Servicing Lesson and Book FREE. (I understand no salesman will call.)

Name_____ Age_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

ACCREDITED MEMBER, NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

MEN'S NEWSLETTER

continued from page 3

Matrons are busting their corsets all over the USA trying to grab themselves butlers. A straight nose and a weak chin ought to get you one of the 10,000 available jobs. Pay's terrible, but gee, man, you know a better way to meet rich women? (Check your local employment office.)

There's not an aircraft company around that's not cutting out overtime pay . . . Look for all 48 states to let up on unemployment insurance restrictions so that when you're laid off with "vacation pay" you'll get unemployment checks besides . . .

ODD NUMBERS . . . They just don't make 'em like they used to—Sir Galahad was 5 foot 3 and the 1921 Miss America had a 30-inch bust . . . But quit snickering—by 2957 A.D., the Independent Grocers Association says you'll weigh 370 pounds and she'll tip it at 348 . . .

Dabble dried blood, ground-up shoe leather, tung-nut pulp, tobacco stems and bat droppings in your backyard and you'll grow the peachiest lawn in the neighborhood . . .

Clobber a bar bet on the guy who says the biggest single fish catch in the western hemisphere is either tuna or salmon—it's the oily, bony, mealy, disgusting menhaden, and they hooked 2 million pounds of it last year to feed to chickens . . .

Only healthy reason you should smoke king-size filter butts is that they have 7% less tobacco in them than the shorties . . . There's a plastic-coated paper out that you can't tear, burn, soak, or dynamite. Once the world has it, it can't get rid of it . . .

They don't kill the bull in Portugal, so where's all the fun? . . . 9 out of 10 married guys wear wedding bands, that's where . . .

HOME HANDYMAN . . . You've got green scum floating in your goldfish bowl. Get rid of it by dropping in a few copper pennies . . .

The smart set pours paint in a can lined with aluminum foil. Throw away the foil when the job is done, and your can is still bright and clean like new . . .

For four-eyed monsters only: If you plop a drop of auto windshield sealer on each of your specs' lock screws, they'll never get loose . . .

KHAKI CROWD . . . No luck, mac—the airman who got 4 months at hard labor (and later got out of it) for turning down a white sidewall haircut may have been a martyr, but he did nothing for you: since his trial, the brass has quietly thrown 5 more guys in the guardhouse for the same offense . . .

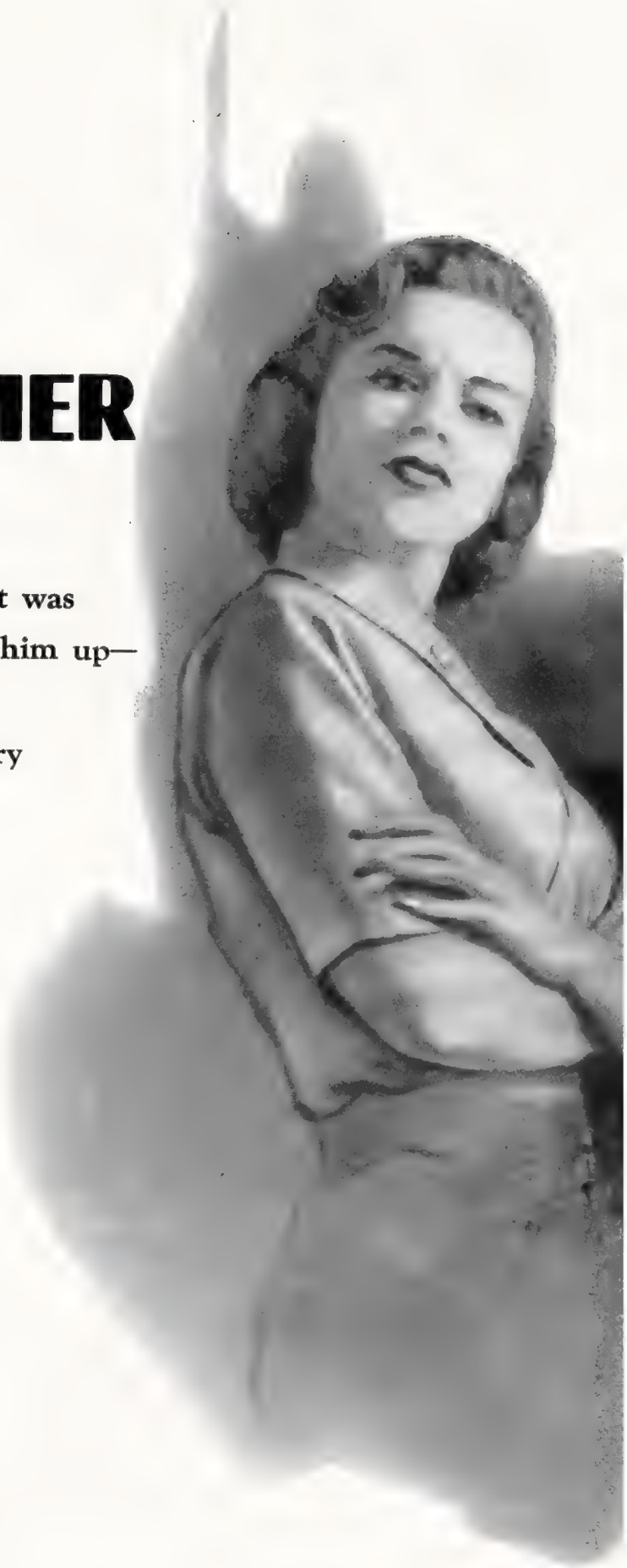
You're a Caspar Milquetoast if you want a transfer to a base nearer home and don't open your yap to ask for it. CO's are so bored these days they actually enjoy the paper work . . .

GANGLAND GOSSIP . . . Wise up. If you don't know the salesman in your doorway, watch to see if he flicks the push button under your bolt while he's yakking away—if he does, he's a crook who plans to come back and pluck your pad as soon as you go out. FBI says a huge hunk of last year's 117,844 house burglaries were pulled just that way . . .

Very odd how in Jackson, Miss., where the state's prohibition law is rigidly enforced, over 100 guys wind up in the drunk cell every Saturday night . . .

END

the FOULED-UP AFFAIR of G. E. GRAMMER



He had one woman too many . . . It was a perfect crime till a pebble tripped him up— Shocking documentary of a man caught in the fatal strands of adultery

by Charles Boswell

HE HAD to get the proof that would send his one-time friend to the gallows. He didn't like it—but it was his job.

On a day in September, 1952, a trim, well-spoken man named Gordon Holmes faced a ghastly situation. He was a sergeant of detectives on the Baltimore County police force—a force that covers a suburban area outside the City of Baltimore. For much of his life Holmes had lived in Baltimore County, and he knew just about everybody.

Among his friends was George Edward "Eddie" Grammer. Holmes had always thought of Eddie Grammer as a person worthy of his friendship and admiration. But Holmes was now to be disappointed in Eddie—and in a way calculated to break the heart of not just a run-of-the mill human, but the heart of a detective to whom the challenges of heartbreak was daily fare.

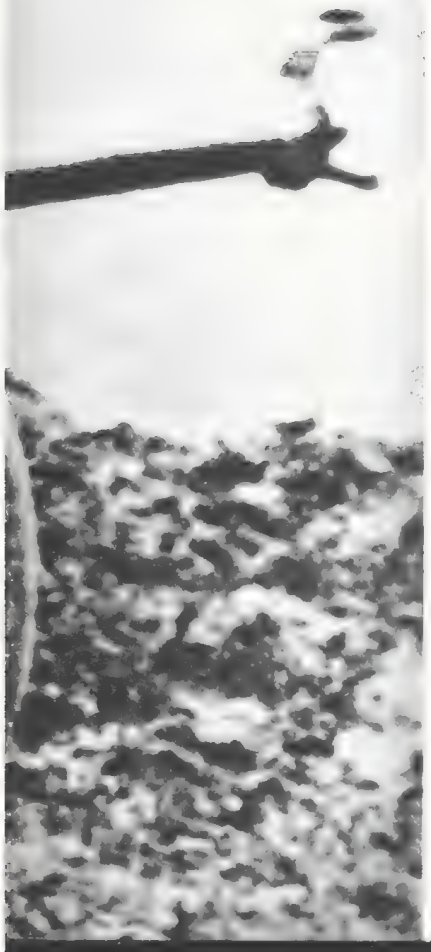
Gordon Holmes and Eddie Grammer had gone to school together. They'd played on the same sandlot baseball teams. As kids, they fished together. While one cut poles out of a thicket of willows, the other dug for worms. If Holmes had a dime for soda pop, he treated Eddie. And if (*Continued on page* 46)

Art by Stanley Borack

Red Army's new 107mm recoilless antitank gun comes mounted on wheeled carriage but can be set up in firing position on tripod. Weighs 600 pounds; capable of penetrating 10 to 12 inches of armor plate.

PICTURE SCOOP

RUSSIA'S RED-HOT NEW WEAPONS



A startling preview of the fire-power war experts call "the world's best"

THE ONLY *major force in the world today that has a completely new postwar arsenal of weapons, in being, in the hands of trained troops, capable of fighting either a nuclear or non-nuclear war, big or small, in any kind of climate or terrain. . . .*"

Are these words the boast of an over-confident Kremlin?

Far from it. They are quoted from the official U. S. Army magazine, *Army Information Digest*. They are cold facts.

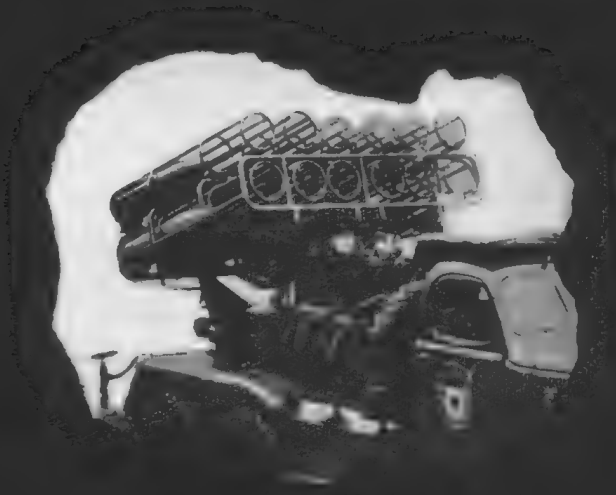
The pictures on these and the following pages have been released for publication to MEN by the Department of the Army's Office of the Chief of Information. If you know anything about modern warfare, they will startle you. If you know nothing about modern warfare, they may shock you into realization of the Red Army's true might.

These pictures reveal that the modern Russian Army has gone all out for mobility and firepower, keys to victory in today's warfare.

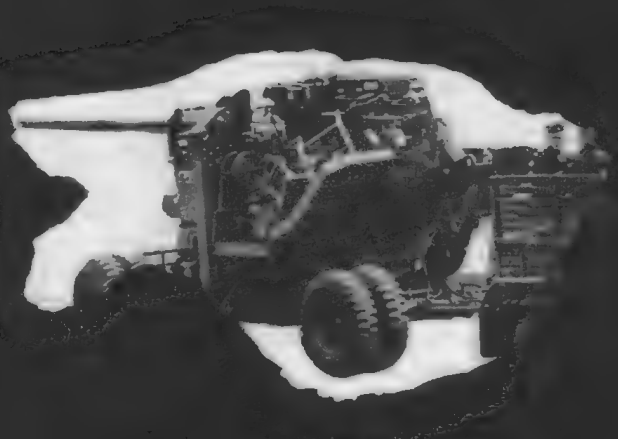
For example, the new, mass-produced T-54 tank (*below*) has succeeded World War II's famous T-34. The T-54 has retained all the best combat features of the earlier tank, has in addition a lower silhouette, thicker armor, and a heavier gun. Its new 100 mm gun is known to be able to penetrate thicker armor at greater distances than the T-34's 85mm. The new tank is a postwar development, has a cruising range well in excess of 200 miles. It has been issued by the thousands to Red combat units as a standard weapon.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

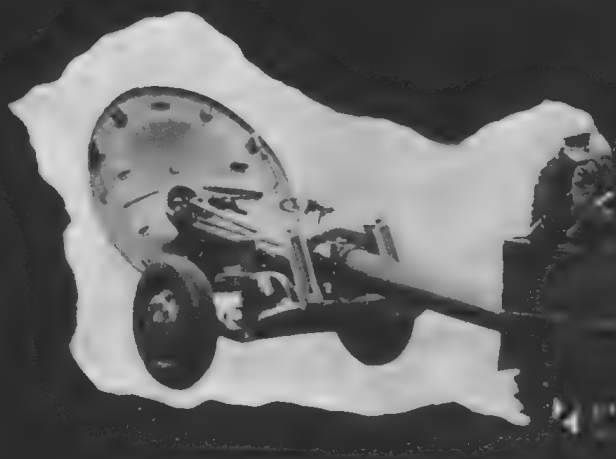
In Hungary, artillery pieces with small, self-contained power plants on one trail were observed.



Highly mobile 12-unit, 8-inch rocket launcher is capable of delivering heavy, massed fire-power.



New antiaircraft gun is 122mm weapon, designed to be very effective against high altitude aircraft.



Largest caliber weapon of its type in any army is truck-drawn 240mm heavy breech-loading mortar.

Red Army's improvement in mobility is significant factor. Armored personnel carriers and self-propelled assault guns *(right)* are now in increased mass use by the Red Army forces.

Turbo-prop CAMP *(above)* takes high load off ground easily with short take off. New plane points to use in operations of small airborne task forces.

New 82mm infantry antitank weapon *(above)* fires fin-stabilized projectile, weighs 166 pounds. Basic arm is gas-operated 7.62mm rifle *(right, top)*, with permanent folding bayonet, 10-round magazine. New 7.62mm submachine gun *(right, center)* has 30-round magazine, weighs 9½ pounds. Light machine gun *(right, bottom)* is fully automatic, weighs 14½ pounds. It provides base of fire for the Red Army's rifle squad; belt fed through drum-type magazine.

Art by Al Rossi

DR. ED'S SCIENTIFIC GIRL-TRAP

He loved 'em and left 'em—and if they came back for more the con man had a special way of getting rid of bodies

by LEWIS THOMPSON

A LUSH, soft touch. And he fell into it by accident. Unless you knew the peculiar talents of Ed Rulloff you wouldn't believe it.

One moment he was digging ditches. The next he was teaching biology to a bunch of ripe young ladies in a girls' school.

That was what he liked best. He *lived* at the girls' school. And the girls adored their new professor—and proceeded to demonstrate their adoration in a practical (for Ed) way.

When he put his mind to it, Edward Rulloff could claim almost any sort of educational accomplishment. And without putting his mind to it, he could assure himself that he was way on his way to having committed just about every crime in the book.

But in 1843, when he was 23, Rulloff's many talents seemed to have gotten him little. A fugitive from the justice of his native New Brunswick, Canada (where he was wanted for theft, arson, and the seduction of at least a half dozen women), Ed Rulloff found (*Continued on page 52*)

UNCLE SAM'S

by ANDREW BURNS

LOOKING for a spot in the coming year's hottest job field?

Want to get in on the ground floor with the country's largest employer?

Want job security, regular pay increases, and prestige?

If your answer is *Yes* to these three questions, you may want to work for Uncle Sam. If you have any one of a great number of skills, or if you want to learn a job and get periodic, almost-guaranteed pay increases, Uncle Sam's payroll is the one for you.

Forget all the glossy claims you've heard about the riches that are practically yours for the asking in engineering, science, industry. Right now, experts say, your best odds lie in the field of government jobs.

Economic brains have studied the situation, come up with a startling set of figures. Every year more and more workers are finding out that a government job has certain advantages that private employment most of the time can't match. And with the added job-protection afforded you by civil service rules and regulations, the pay scales being offered for present-day government jobs are attractive.

This year there's an added angle: the condition of the labor market. We've finally caught up with the post–Korean War man-power surplus. Fewer workers are entering the labor market than for quite a few years. Result—you have a better chance than ever of getting a good job with Uncle Sam since there isn't as great competition.

Experts have studied the figures long and completely. They say that on the basis of these projected figures there'll be a *net* jump of more than *230,000* jobs in government. With this many new openings, and a "quiet" job market, you can see that this may be the year for you to make the move to a federal payroll. (The 230,000 figure includes local, state, as well as federal government jobs, but does not include

Herm Nathan—Graphic House

JOB JACKPOT

Lowdown on the mounting stack of careers offered by the Boss

those "employed" as servicemen in the armed forces.)

Here's another startler: 11 out of every 100 civilian workers in this country now work for a government agency (including jobs on the state level). If the military forces are included in this statistic, the figure becomes *15 out of every 100 workers are on a government payroll.*

The bullet-fast growth in government employment is due to a number of things. Partly, it's the result of the current boom in highway construction. Partly, it's due to the big jump in school enrollment that'll require many more teachers.

But the first place to look is the office of that giant of all governmental "bosses"—Uncle Sam himself. Governmental activities are expanding all down the line. (You'll find the full dope in a paperback called *What You Can Earn in 250 Careers,* product of an outfit called Career Research Associates, and published by Rittenhouse Press, Inc., 2401 Walnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.)

RIGHT now—while you're reading these words—over *2 million* workers in the federal civil service system are at their jobs. And, contrary to rumor, only about 10% of these 2 million work in Washington, D. C.

The great majority of federal civil service jobs are outside of Washington in so-called "field establishments." These include navy yards, arsenals, quartermaster depots, post offices, veterans' hospitals, agricultural research centers, as well as the regular branch offices of the usual government agencies.

These "field establishments" are scattered all over the U.S.—practically any section of the country you can name has its quota. One of the easiest ways to find out what sort of outfits are near you is simply to check the local telephone directory under "Federal Government." If you *do* decide to join Uncle Sam you have the possibility of being stationed in many places.

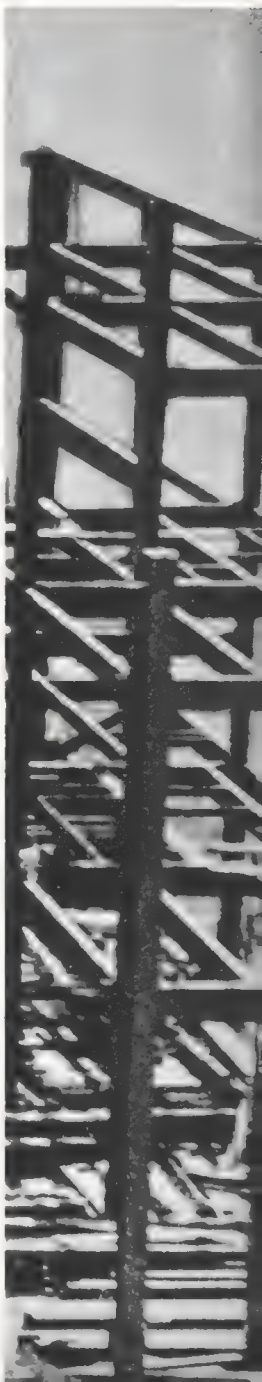
Still other federal civil service jobs are overseas. These jobs, however, are a little harder to get in most instances. Some of them are the "glamor" jobs in Uncle's satchel, and it's better to concentrate on the job jackpot available under federal civil service in the States. Once you've worked in a federal civil service job for awhile you've got a better chance—when the right opening comes along—of hopping overseas on an assignment if you've already got the rating and the experience.

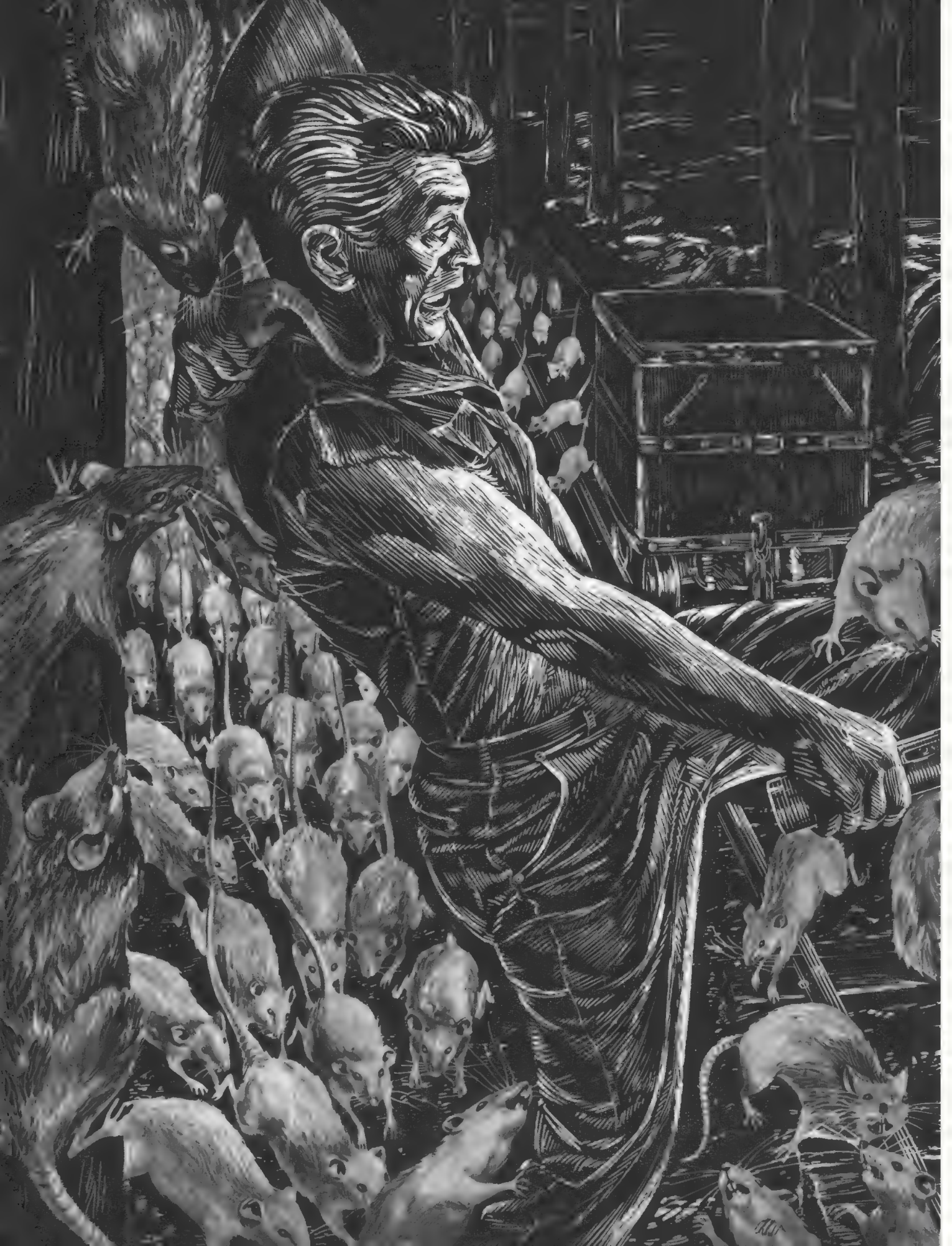
WHAT kinds of jobs are available? For the qualified person the answer is almost anything you can think of. From "Coal Mine Inspector" to "Loan Examiner," from "Ordnance Engineer" to "Correspondence Clerk."

Out of every 100 federal civil service workers, 22 work in the Postal Service, and 49 work for the Army, the Navy, or the Air Force. The remaining 29 work for various other government agencies. And an important fact to remember (if you're single) is that women make up about 25 percent of all civil service employees in the United States.

What about pay? The federal government civil service worker is paid under one of several "pay plans." For most so-called "trades" positions, wages compare very favorable with those in non-government jobs. From time to time wages are reviewed by the Civil Service Commission and, if the wages have not kept pace with those paid for similar jobs in the same locality by private industry, they are increased. (This is one of the "protective devices" that federal civil service employees enjoy that makes the idea of government employment attractive to many.)

POSTAL employees have a complete separate pay system of their own, which is fixed by law. Then for certain other federal agencies there are again separate, (*Continued on page* 60)





THEY WERE EATING ME ALIVE!

I felt the teeth tearing my flesh in a dozen places—but safety was 20 yards and a hundred rats behind me

by OWEN GRIFFITHS
as told to Bruce McKie

NIGHTS when it's really bad I can feel them swarming across my body, thousands of them fighting over me.

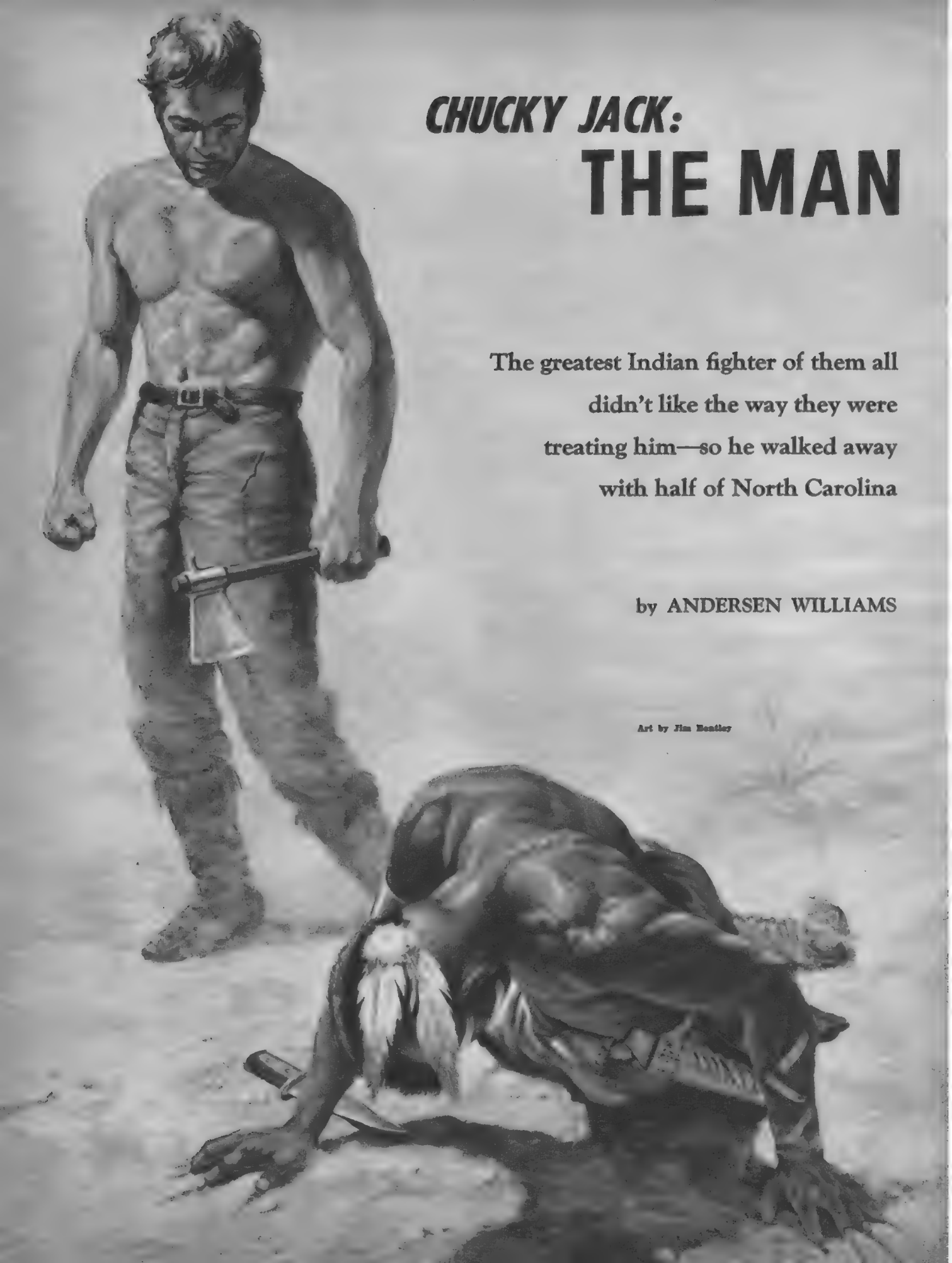
It's a nightmare I've lived through in reality, but it sometimes comes back to torture me in my dreams. I'm shouting for help, calling the dog, but he's down at last, covered by hundreds of them. I'm screaming as I try to fight my way to the entrance, sobbing as the teeth chisel deep into my flesh. I know I am never going to get away. I know there is no escape from them.

I wake up shrieking—and it all comes back to me. . . .

It happened during the depression—the Means Test years we called them in England. People were hard hit everywhere, but in Wales, where I was born, the miner felt it the most.

I grew up near the rich coal country of Ebbw Vale. The valley was prosperous in those days. The mines were going at full throttle, and there (*Continued on page* 58)

Art by Don Miller



CHUCKY JACK: THE MAN

The greatest Indian fighter of them all didn't like the way they were treating him—so he walked away with half of North Carolina

by ANDERSEN WILLIAMS

Art by Jim Bentley

WHO STOLE A STATE

DRAGGING CANOE had painted his face black—the color of war. His fierce Cherokee eyes sparkled with hatred. Between his outstretched hands he held the Shawanoe war belt—nine feet of six-inch wampum, its purple and vermilion sparkling in the firelight.

"We will kill them," Dragging Canoe said.

The warriors from the Northern tribes—the Mohawks, Ottawas, Shawanoes, the Delawares—pressed close to Dragging Canoe, shouted their agreement.

It was a calm, cool morning. The settlers in the small frontier fort were on the alert for any surprise Indian attack. But they were feeling very confident. Shortly before the small band of buckskin-clad men had defeated Dragging Canoe and warriors of five Indian nations in a bloody battle on the banks of the Holston River. And they were confident because they believed they knew the Indians' style of warfare—Dragging Canoe was sure to retreat to lick his wounds and wait awhile after a defeat. The settlers thought they had time to prepare for the new battle certain to be forthcoming. But they knew it wouldn't start today.

At daybreak the frontiermen pushed the huge wooden stake doors of the fort open. Their women went out into the fields surrounding the fort to milk the few cows they had left. The men watched from the fort's ramparts, relaxed in the growing warmth of the morning sun.

For several minutes nothing could be heard but the squirt-squirt of milk into tin pails. Then, suddenly, a chilling war whoop shattered the stillness. Black-painted redmen leaped from the edge of the small clearing.

Leaving their milk pails behind them, the women ran screaming to the safety of the fort. Quickly the heavy log gates swung closed. A log bar was dropped in place to keep them tight. The men on the ramparts struggled with powder and ball as they loaded their rifles and made ready for battle.

Only then did the watching men realize that one milkmaid had been locked out when the fort gate swung shut. She was a beautiful young girl, nearly twenty. Through peepholes they saw her run, yelling, toward the locked fort gates, her long brown hair streaming behind her.

"It's Bonnie Kate!" someone shouted, as the girl stumbled and dodged forward. The Indians behind her were whooping with glee—a white girl was a rich prize and they wanted to take her alive.

Nolichucky Jack, a tall blond young frontierman, saw the danger that Bonnie Kate Sherrill was in. Quickly he raised his rifle and shot the closest of Kate's pursuers. Then he leaped to the top of the fort's ramparts, caught Bonnie Kate's outstretched hand, and, straining with all his powerful muscles, lifted her up and over to safety.

Bonnie Kate Sherrill had seen Chucky Jack, as he was sometimes called, around the fort, but this was her real introduction to the strong, good-looking young man in buckskins. She knew his reputation as the idol of the wildest frontiermen. She also knew that he was married at the time—but Bonnie Kate recognized her hero when she saw him. She waited four years, when, widowed, Chucky Jack married "the prettiest girl on the Southwest frontier."

Slim, tall Nolichucky Jack had a way with the women. He was married for the first time at the age of 17, and before he died he had raised 17 children. By the age of 19 he had lived much, had founded the town of New Market, Va., and directed its political affairs.

His magnetic, compelling personality affected men and women alike. The rough, brawling frontier life was his natural environment, and the men and women hacking a living out of the small settlements idolized the strong, laughing young man. Chucky Jack could outshoot, outride, and outswear anyone. His firm chin, straight nose, and smiling lips had a peculiar hypnotic attraction for all.

Son of a tavern (*Continued on page* 64)

THE BLEEDING ROOM

THE blood has dried on the streets of Hungary today. The wind has blown away the last tatters of flesh left behind by the brave freedom fighters who battled so gallantly against tyranny last October.

But in Hungary today, brave men are still bleeding. Somewhere in Hungary there is a room, staffed by blank-faced secret police, where men bleed daily for the sake of freedom . . .

This shocking photo report shows what happened to five of these men. (*Ed. note:* These Hungarians are now in the U.S.; their names are withheld to protect friends and relatives still within reach of the "bleeding room.")

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

B.T.: "They wanted a faked confession naming as spies the Americans I worked for. They told me I was aiding people to escape from the country—dangerous people . . . The worst of it wasn't the pain . . . but the smell of burning flesh."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CURT GUNTHER

G.S.: "I wanted food for our family of 9, as the winter was especially bad . . . They made me an 'example' . . . The thongs pulled my head back until I thought I would come completely apart."

L.S.: "They accused me of helping my neighbor escape. Actually, the truth is I didn't even know the man. I told them, but it did no good. They hung me up by ropes, so that now I'm a hunchback."

These five men tell other stories about ordinary people they knew. "One man tried to protect his priest from the Commissar. He was given 10 days' punishment, including rubber-hosing of his feet. Nobody ever saw the priest again. . . ." "Another person, a young woman, tried to hide her lover from the police. They caught her and took her to the Room and when they got through her lover wouldn't look at her any more. . . ."

Yet these stories are told in a kind of daze, as though the victims weren't quite real, as though they are repeating a half-learned tale from a book read long ago. This is because to these men, there is just one burning reality in their lives, one inescapable moment.

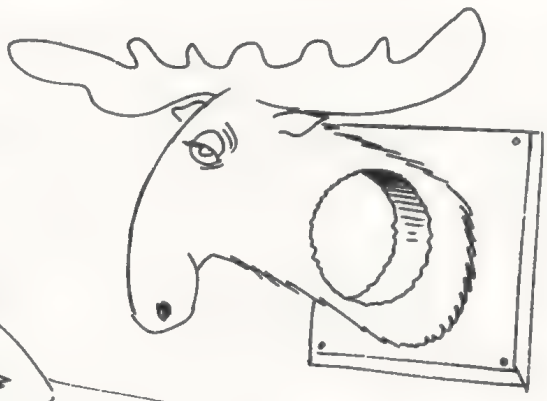
That was the moment when they themselves went through the door to the "bleeding room." **END**

S.F.: "I was one of a group of students who listened to the Voice of America . . . then somebody tipped off the People's Police. There was no chance to explain yourself. I got this very cruel torture, a maddening drumbeat, louder and louder, for hours and hours.

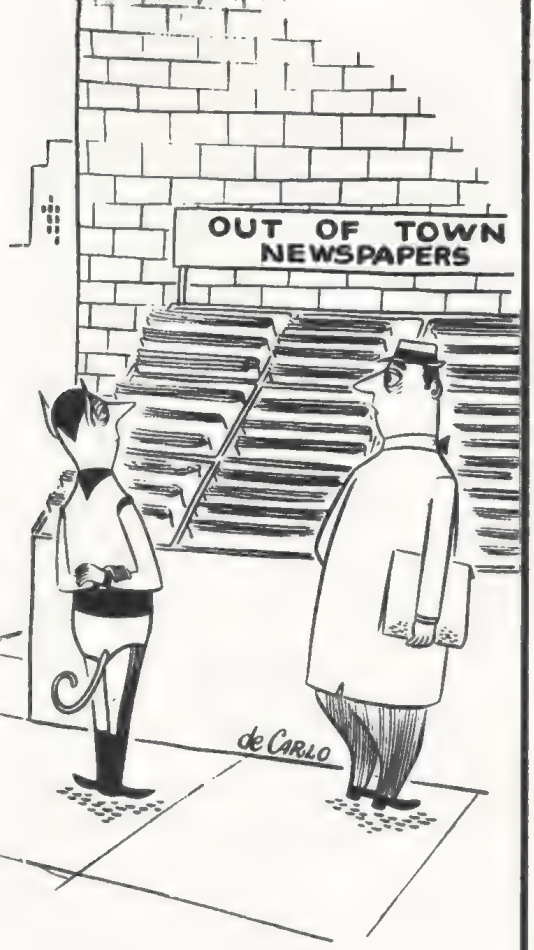
ODDBALL BAZAAR

"Would you mind calling back later? We're rehearsing the wedding!"

"You've got to relax more . . . You're wound up too tight."

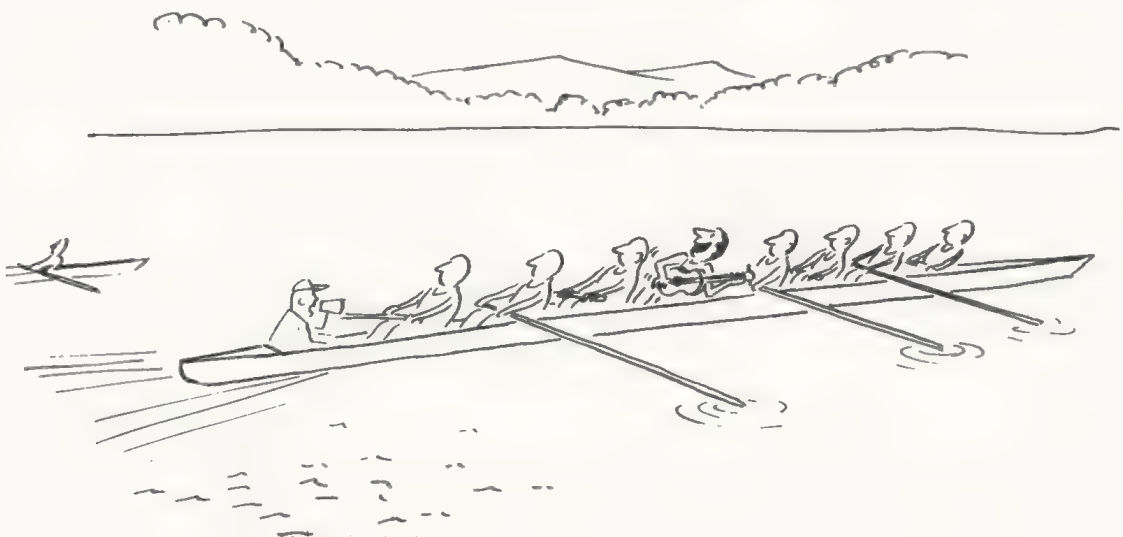


"Kinda proud of myself on this one— brought him down with one shot."



BACK in the dear dead days beyond recall if you did something a little bit odd they tagged you as an eccentric. Nowadays everyone's very normal—or at least *almost* everyone. Obviously the people on these pages haven't heard the news.

"I'm not getting married till the right ones come along. . . ."



They wanted it so badly that they'd kill to get it—
"COME SLEEP WITH ME"

but he courted death and a doll to learn the secret of the hanging man

by HOLLY ROTH

BOOKLENGTH SPECIAL

THE doorbell rang. He saw the two men standing on the threshold.

He said, "Yes?"

"Mr. Robert Kendall?"

"Yes."

"May we speak to you a moment?"

"Why, yes." Kendall stepped back a half step, and then reconsidered. "No. That is—"

He put it flatly: "You'll have to identify yourselves before I can ask you in."

They showed a total lack of surprise. The taller, slenderer of the two, a carroty-headed, youthful looking man of 32 or 33, said, "Of course. I am Eric Gregory, FBI. This"—he gestured at his companion, a sedate-looking executive type of about 40—"is Major Windham of the CIC."

Kendall didn't move. Their arrival seemed too fortuitous.

Gregory withdrew a leather case from his pocket and held it out for Kendall's inspection. Windham hesitated and then followed suit.

The credentials were very impressive. Kendall abruptly felt foolish. He pushed the door wider and said, "Come in."

The apartment had been wrecked, and the ruins then tossed about in an orgy of apparently insane vandalism. As Kendall threaded his way ahead of them through the littered hall, he offered a little apology in the form of, "Coffee?"

Windham said, "No, thank you."

In the living room Kendall picked two seat cushions off the floor, noticing, as he did so, that one of them had been slashed so that the stuffing was escaping. He felt a return of anger as he waved the two men to the chairs and sat himself down on the couch. He asked, "Is this call merely a coincidence, or had you learned of my —visitors?"

There was a little pause. Then Gregory said, "The police advised us of the attempted robbery."

"Really?" Kendall said.

"Are you surprised, Mr. Kendall?" Gregory said.

Oh, no, you don't, Kendall thought. He hadn't done a damn thing, and they weren't going to succeed in their neat little trick of getting him on the defensive. He used the feminine form—answering a question with a question: "Should I be?"

The conversation died. And that's another trick of the trade, Kendall decided. Most people can't bear a vacuum. Well, I can. He tightened the belt of his robe as if it were his self-possession, and sank comfortably back against the couch's pillows.

Gregory didn't let the pause lengthen, and as he resorted to a straightforward question, Kendall felt a small throb of victory. Gregory asked, "Why didn't you get in touch with us, Mr. Kendall?"

"You mean when I found the house ransacked like this?"

Before Gregory could answer, Windham thrust his chin forward and boomed, "Or whenever it started. What was it that happened before the ransacking?"

They *were* shrewd, Kendall concede. And he wasn't so smart as he thought he was. His question did imply that the housebreaking was not the first incident, but Major Windham had been extraordinarily quick in spotting the implication.

Kendall said slowly, "To answer both questions—I didn't get in touch with you because it simply never occurred to me. It all started yesterday afternoon with two phony attempts to get hold of the manuscript. Why should I have reported that to you?—'CIC' stands for 'Counter Intelligence Corps,' doesn't it, Major?"

The major nodded pontifically. There was something about him that irritated Kendall. He had the look of solidity that bankers often cultivate; for one thing, he wasn't over forty years

From *The Sleeper*, published by Simon & Schuster, Inc.
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They tease you with it—about how it began with Bud and the woman—

old, but he looked indefinably older. It was as if, Kendall thought, he was reaching for seniority, eldership. His bearing was erect, but not military—rather it was pompous. By leaning slightly backward, he created the effect of a stomach. Kendall decided, rather baselessly, that Windham's belly was probably as flat as a board.

Windham repeated, " 'CIC' is an abbreviation for Counter Intelligence Corps."

Now, why hadn't he simply said yes? Kendall felt he was being childish, but nevertheless his irritation was growing. He asked, "And it's a division of the Army?"

Windham inclined his head majestically.

"Then why should I have notified *you?* The Army okayed publication of the articles. You were willing to have the whole world see them, so why on earth should I expect you to be interested in the fact—possibility—that someone is trying to get a glimpse ahead of the rest?"

Gregory spoke up in a conciliatory voice—he had a pleasant voice, and a pleasant, boyish face—"Just *because* it was so pointless, Mr. Kendall. Look—why don't you tell us about it?"

"Well, certainly. If you think it necessary." Kendall made an effort to overcome his feeling of antagonism, and as a result his voice sounded flat, almost purposefully uninteresting. "As I told you, the first incident occurred yesterday afternoon. It was about four o'clock. I had just come home from downtown. . . ."

IT WAS about four o'clock, and Kendall had just returned from downtown. When the doorbell rang, he was leaning against the frame of his living room archway, his hands in his overcoat pockets, feeling dispirited. The room didn't look clean—it *wasn't* clean. Opposite him, sleet beat against the windows, and the dull roar of Manhattan traffic formed a dreary obbligato to the sleet's slushy beat. As he stood gazing unseeingly across the untidy room he had a desire to go somewhere, anywhere. Maybe I'll take a trip, he thought. It isn't that I mind the weather. And I don't mind living alone. But the domestic part of it defeats me. No matter what I do—The doorbell rang.

He turned his head so that he was looking down the short hall at the front door of his apartment, but he made no move toward it. The bell represented another of his domestic problems. He did not want trial boxes of soap suds; he did not want to contribute to strange, never-before-heard-of charities; and he had come to dislike without discrimination all the blithe young men and women researchers who seemed to be collecting data on every facet of human life as lived in New York City in the twentieth century.

The bell rang again. He moved slowly down the hall and opened the door.

In the outer hallway stood a small man wearing a soggy, visored cap. He looked at Kendall's feet and said in a rusty, disinterested singsong, "Pickup for the *Courier.*"

"What pickup?" Kendall asked.

The man looked up at him with vague irritation on his dirty face. "*I* don't know. Here"—he brought a small pink scrap of paper up to his nose and slowly deciphered—" 'Pick up carbon of manuscript, Apartment 4C, Robert Kendall.' That you?"

"Yes, but they know I don't have a carbon; we've been through all that. Are you from the *Courier?*" Before the man replied, Kendall knew the answer. Nothing associated with the dignified *Courier* could be as unkempt as this bedraggled messenger.

The man said cryptically, "Quick and speedy service."

"What? Oh." Kendall translated it mentally with capitals—Quick & Speedy Service. An outside messenger service. "Well, if you'll wait a minute I'll call the *Courier* and—"

The messenger said, "Naw," and moved to the elevator. There was a slap of insolence in the syllable, and a small spring inside of Kendall tightened for a second. But the second passed and the spring unwound, as it usually did with him. That was one of the reasons the doorbell created such havoc in his life—he was almost incapable of rudeness and, as a result, he permitted the stream of bell pushers to absorb a disproportionate amount of his time.

He closed the door quietly and went back through his inner hall to the front of the apartment. This time he bypassed the living room and went into the small bedroom on his left. It was after four o'clock, but the bed hadn't been made. He had left the apartment at ten that morning; Lena, the twice-a-week maid, had been due at eleven.

Well—he shrugged, threw his overcoat on a chair, and tackled the bed—obviously she had had another "bad" day.

He was in the middle of the task when the phone rang. The room was too small for him to move around in with comfort, and as he circled the bed to get to the telephone he tripped over the trailing blankets and crashed against the wall. His own heft made it a jarring collision. By the time he had disentangled himself and picked up the phone his formless irritation of the past half-hour had culminated in an unusual but intense fury.

His "hello" was a bark.

The man on the other end of the wire said, "Mr. Kendall?"

"Yes!"

"Oh." The voice proceeded with more caution, as if tiptoeing. "My name is Johnson—Fred Johnson. I'm in the promotion department of Salway & Gibbons. They tell me in editorial that they don't have a script of your book, *Genesis of Treason*—?" He sounded delicately incredulous and gently outraged.

Kendall took a deep breath. He said, "The book's not scheduled until fall."

"Well, yes, but the thing *is* that we have production schedules *far* in advance. For promotion, you know. Copy has to be written, suitable plates made, book has to be assigned—"

Kendall said tensely, "Now, look—I've been through all that with Lou Salway. Take it up with him."

"Well, all right, but if you happen to have a script on *hand*—"

the FBI talks about the girl, too, but you forget how deadly she is . . .

Kendall never heard the end of the sentence. He hung up.

He sat still on the edge of the bed and forced himself to calmness. What was the matter with him? Was he so poorly balanced that an irritation as small as the defection of Lena could start a spiral of bad temper that reached a point where he slammed telephone receivers down on people who were simply trying to do their jobs?

He had never had a greater right to be happy—or, at the least—content. All he had ever really asked of life, almost more that he had dared, was about to come to pass with the publication of *Genesis of Treason*, and with its current serialization in the *Weekly Courier*. A few months before, the possibility of his byline's appearing in the pages of that most honored of the nation's weekly magazines had been remote to the point of fantasy. So why this tension, this clenched-fist frenzy—He carefully unknotted his big hands and then stared down at them as, pressure released, the red poured back into the palms.

But he knew why; he really knew what was upsetting him. He had not admitted it to himself, but he was subconsciously aware that since the suicide of Bud Hollister a month before he had been in a mounting state of tension. But, he told himself firmly, that was ridiculous. Hollister had been nothing to him—just a crazy kid, a charming young man, a blond, curly-headed psychopath, a slender, graceful prisoner poised against a background of steel bars, a pensive spinner of anecdotes, a laughing liar—A cold-blooded traitor? A fascist? A Communist? An enigma.

And *that*, Kendall decided with a mental swoop after the elusive explanation, that adaptability, that strange quality in Hollister was what was haunting him.

KENDALL had known others who had died. Certainly. He had known suicides, too. His father had committed suicide when his mother walked out. Kendall was seventeen then—old enough to understand most of the implications and all of the blatant facts, and he had sympathized deeply with his father, as, indeed, he had all his life sided with his father in the deadly war that raged unceasingly between his quiet, dependable father and his unstable, cheating mother.

And there had been that corporal in Luzon who killed himself the night before a scheduled attack; then the attack had not taken place. The irony, the bitter waste, had engraved the incident in Kendall's memory. And he had known that corporal better than he had known Hollister.

. . . "He had known the corporal better . . ." Well, he hadn't known Buddy Hollister at all. Kendall had written a book, a detailed analysis of Francis Burton Hollister, First Lieutenant, United States Army, traitor, sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment by a military court for an act of espionage, presumed to be a Communist (although no statement to that effect had ever been overtly reported in the newspapers, because they were never told the exact nature of Hollister's crime). He had written a definite treatise on Hollister, and he didn't know a thing about the boy, and now he never would.

Well. He stood up. He had been exposed to puzzles before. The world was full of puzzles. It was foolish, and usually profitless, to brood over them.

But he didn't complete his motion toward the tangled blankets. Instead, almost without volition, he went back to the side of the bed and, standing, dialed Salway & Gibbons' number. The major puzzles were giant clouds that, once admitted, obscured your thinking processes, but the little puzzles were wisps of smoke that merely irritated, and it was better, whenever possible, to blow them away.

He said into the phone, "Mr. Louis Salway, please." And again: "Mr. Louis Salway. Robert Kendall calling."

"Hello, Lou? Kendall.

". . . Fine. No, nothing new. Just wanted to ask you: Do you have a Fred Johnson in your promotion department?

". . . No? No, not John Wittman—Fred Johnson.

". . . No, huh? Any Johnson in the whole joint?

". . . Got any guys there with ladylike voices? . . . Well, guess I have my people mixed."

He listened to Salway, a talkative man, for a while, said no, thanks, to a cocktail party, and agreed to call him in a few days.

(*Continued on page* 66)

Her eyes were open and they stared up into his. He had found her at last and he knew what he wanted to do.

THE BRASS TOMATO

HER name is Barbara Nichols. She is a blonde. She is not a dumb blonde. She is a movie actress. But she says she is tired of playing "broads." "I played one broad after another," laments Barbara. "I was beginning to think I'd never play anything but these broads. It never occurred to anybody that I could act. Every time they needed a dumb broad they called me."

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MEN
BY RUSS MEYER OF GLOBE

But then Barbara got her break—a part in *Sweet Smell of Success*. "On the surface the character's just another tomato, but actually she's only half a tomato. She's got heart. Just because I *look* like a brassy blonde's no reason to to think I can't act." At another time, however, Barbara was more candid. She described her talents as "37-24-35."

DUEL IN NO MAN'S LAND

continued from page 10

found out for the first time that Dr. Berg had a daughter. Father and daughter had not seen each other in over six years. She was living under an assumed name in Saarbrücken. Dr. Berg's last request was that Marianne be taken to safety.

Most of Lt. Doré's time seemed to be spent on "furlough," and this time he decided to take a trip to Saarbrücken. He visited Marianne's apartment and was pleasantly surprised that she was a young and attractive redhead with a figure to excite his Gallic eye. Reluctantly, he told her about her father, and watched the misery sweep across her face. But she did not cry.

"I know what my father was doing," she said, "and I mean to take his place."

NOTHING Louis said could change her mind, and he soon found that she had already put her plan into action. For some months she had been dating Kapitan Wilhelm von Oberlin, a Prussian officer of artillery stationed in the Siegfried Line. She already had some information from him about the giant gun installations, and he had even promised to show her the underground fortress. Louis fought a silent battle with himself, but his duty won. He liked the girl and knew she would be safer out of the country—but France needed every scrap of information on the German positions.

The following week was like a dream to Louis Doré—half pleasure and half nightmare. He saw Marianne every day, and before either of them realized it they were in love. And at the same time, every night, Marianne was dating the thick-necked young Prussian, von Oberlin.

Louis asked Marianne to marry him and move to France. She agreed—but nothing he said could prevent her from finishing the business with von Oberlin.

That same night von Oberlin met Marianne at her apartment. Louis watched the windows from a doorway across the street. The lights in the apartment went out at eleven o'clock—and von Oberlin did not leave until four a.m. When the swaggering officer had climbed into his Mercedes and roared away, the heartsick Louis hurriedly knocked on Marianne's door. She was wearing nothing but a thin dressing gown and her face was stained with tears. She did not attempt to lie.

"I gave him what he wanted. It made me sick to do it—but it was the only way. He promised to take me through the Line tomorrow." She wouldn't say any more and she wouldn't let him discuss their marriage plans. "After I have done the job," she said.

That was the last time that Louis ever saw her. When he tried to call her the following day, the phone was disconnected. He rushed to the apartment and found it empty. Only through threats did he make the terrified janitor admit what had happened. The *Gestapo* had taken Marianne away that morning.

Crazed with worry, his military position and his work forgotten, Louis rushed to the one man he was sure was responsible, Kapitan von Oberlin. The Prussian laughed at him.

"Of course I turned her in to the *Gestapo*. Once I had what I wanted from her, she was of no further use. You must be the Frenchman she was seeing. A good German girl should not do that. But of course she was a Jewess, and I think she was trying to be a spy as well. She actually thought I would take her on a visit to the Siegfried Line!"

The German lolled back in his chair, laughing, and Louis realized that he had been made a fool. His stupidity had cost the life of the girl he loved. Blind with rage, he had the satisfaction of landing a good blow on von Oberlin's nose before he was dragged from the room. The German government used the fight as an excuse to expel Louis from the country.

Before leaving Germany he managed to get von Oberlin on the phone and challenged him to a duel. The Prussian laughingly accepted, knowing there would never be a chance to fight it.

The war began next morning, and von Oberlin quickly forgot the affair, remembering it only as a story to liven the conversation at the officers' mess.

But Lt. Louis Doré didn't forget. He knew he would never be able to sleep well until he had exacted justice from the man who had killed Marianne. Louis began the search for the Prussian, the search that had to end in death for one of them.

Though Louis was assigned to duty in the Maginot Line, he still had many friends in Intelligence. It was easy enough to meet them in Paris and talk shop—to find out just where Kapitan von Oberlin's company was assigned.

In any other army, Louis would not have stood a chance of getting transferred, but the French understand a man with a mission. Louis told his C.O. everything that had happened, not sparing a single detail.

On New Year's Day, 1940, Lt. Louis Doré finally reached his new post. The "false war" was still on, neither side doing more than clash in an occasional patrol action. Louis crawled through the connecting trench to a forward observing station and fixed his glasses on the German positions. Somewhere out there was the man he wanted.

Lt. Doré turned out to be the kind of soldier every C.O. dreams of. He organized night patrols and led them himself. The men were bored with the inaction of the "false" war and there was no shortage of volunteers to go on patrol with the madcap lieutenant. Faces and hands blackened, carrying only grenades, bayonets and pistols—they crawled out to carry the fight to the enemy. Listening posts were blown up, gun positions overrun and the guns spiked, and grenades were rolled down inviting ventilating shafts of the Siegfried Line.

Yet Louis never saw Kapt. von Oberlin, the man he was searching for. In early March he found out why. It was a rainy, cold night—the kind of night when Louis and his patrol did their best. HQ wanted prisoners for interrogation, and Louis was tapped for the job. He had a regular patrol of ten men with him now—the rest of the company called them *les apaches*—every man just as daredevil and deadly as their leader. The patrol left from a sector about five miles down the line, where the opposing Germans weren't acquainted with their lightning tactics. Belly down in the mud, they crawled out into no man's land.

A rear gun position had been selected as their target. To get there they had to wriggle through a half mile of "dragon's teeth" barriers, mine fields, and barbed wire. Louis himself put the roll of dynamite sticks against the concrete wall of the gun position and lit the fuse. The men flattened in the mud, the fuse sputtered, then an orange roar of flame blasted out. Even while the pieces of concrete were still falling the *apaches* crashed through the jagged hole. The stunned gunners didn't stand a chance. Quick bullets snuffed out their lives. Louis went in first and slammed his gun against a corporal's head. Quickly binding the man's hands, Louis and two other men carried the prisoner back to the French lines.

In the light of the HQ dugout, Louis blanched at the sight of the insignia on the prisoner. Von Oberlin's company. This was one of von Oberlin's men. The terrified corporal readily told all he knew to this madman who pressed a sharpened bayonet a quarter inch in the flesh of his neck.

KAPT. von Oberlin was with the heavy gun positions behind the front lines; there would be no opportunity of ever running across him during the chance of war. Dirty, tired and wet, Louis slumped over the table and looked at the bayonet in his hands. There must be some way to meet the Prussian beast. As he turned the razor-sharp length of steel over in his fingers, it gave him the inspiration.

He would send a message to the Prussian and remind him of their duel. He would do it in such a way that the man could not avoid it this time.

The following night he delivered the message—in typical *apache* fashion. There was a German machine-gun post that had no opening above ground; it connected by a tunnel to the lines. Louis crawled there and flashed a light through the gun slit. Before the surprised soldiers could react, he had fired three quick shots and the men were dead.

The note was ready in his pocket. He impaled it on his bayonet, and with a practiced flip of his wrist sent it through the gun port, sticking it in one of the dead machine gunners. Then he was gone

like a shadow fading into the night.

He had written in German, "To the Commanding Officer," on the note. He was sure that was where it would immediately go. Even before Louis made it back to his lines, a panting runner handed the note to the monocled officer who commanded that section of line. As the officer read it, his bull neck turned a bright red.

Von Oberlin arrived shortly after that and was handed the note. He read it quickly, and his anger grew with every word. It was short and to the point:

There is a so-called officer in your command, Kapt. von Oberlin. He is a coward. If he were really a gentleman, he would finish the duel which he accepted two years ago. I will be waiting tomorrow night at 0100, just opposite the point where you found this note. The weapons will be bayonets.

Lt. Louis Doré

P.S. Perhaps your men know me better as L'Apache.

The other officer said, "Officially of course I know nothing about this. I would have to forbid it. But if this man is *L'apache,* I would give anything to see him dead. He is the biggest thorn in our side in the entire sector."

VON OBERLIN returned to his quarters in a red rage and sent his olderly for a rifle and bayonet. The puzzled soldier watched as the officer spent the rest of the night sharpening the bayonet and mumbling to himself. He couldn't understand it. By the next night he knew what was going to happen—as did everyone else in the line.

The man who had found the note talked to his friends, and soon the word spread. At 12:55, when von Oberlin crawled out of the listening post, the lines behind him were alive with watching eyes. In the Maginot Line the same thing was happening.

Louis had left his few valuables and his will with a close friend, Capt. Etienne Duval. Duval knew most of the story. When he realized what was going to happen this night, the word quickly spread.

The Prussian straightened up and brushed his hands off; from the tips of his highly burnished boots to his square-set helmet he was every inch the military man. Louis, coming out of the machine-gun position, was also a soldier—though of a different sort. He wore his rumpled French battle-dress. His boots were worn and scuffed and his buttons didn't shine. But the rifle held firmly in his hands was oiled and cleaned and the bayonet honed thin. Quick as a cat he moved towards the stiff figure of his enemy.

The salute was wasted time. His fingers itched to plunge the rifle forward. Yet when they began to circle cautiously, he relaxed. He had waited too long for this moment to spoil it by a rash attack.

Von Oberlin made a quick short thrust, and the bayonets clanged as Louis parried. The Prussian held back a smile. This was going to be easy. He had always placed first in his regimental saber duels. He knew he could handle the bayoneted rifle just as well. When Louis lunged forward with a long thrust he parried it easily, thrusting the other gun far to the side.

He almost lost then. Only a quick jerk of his head saved him as Louis swung the butt of his rifle up in a short, murderous vertical butt stroke. It caught the side of the German's helmet and tore it off. Von Oberlin barely managed to stagger back from the attack.

With a sudden spring Louis was in close, jabbing and thrusting with quick strokes. The Prussian parried almost by instinct, the way an accomplished swordsman does, feeling the pressure of his opponent's blade. But it wasn't good enough. Louis laughed and increased the pressure—then made a sudden feint at the German's head. The instant von Oberlin raised his rifle, he knew he was wrong, but it was too late. The long French bayonet licked out like a snake and sank deep into his thigh muscle with a burst of hot pain. Then it was gone; the Frenchman was circling him again.

"That could have been your gut just as well," Louis taunted him. And von Oberlin knew he was right. The other man was playing with him, just as he himself had once done. Roaring in anger he charged, and the other melted away before him like a ghost. Then again the pain in the leg, and Louis drew back his red-stained bayonet and laughed.

IN THE trenches and blockhouses, the two armies watched. They knew something had been done. The French rifle went far out, and when it came back the German staggered. A roar went up from the French lines, and the Germans grumbled under their breaths. When the duel resumed, it was obvious to everyone that the German was hurt.

Von Oberlin was in pain—and beginning to feel fear for the first time. Twice that *verdammte* French *schwein* had got him in the same leg, and the blood was running down, soaking into his boot. Desperate, he pushed home a fierce attack that Louis successfully parried. Then there was another thrust in the same leg. The Prussian could barely stand, and the other man swam in his vision. Honor wasn't important now, but life was. What had the Colonel said? "*I'd give anything to have that man dead!*" It was just following an order then. Carefully von Oberlin slid off the safety—then jerked the rifle to his shoulder.

Before Louis could do a thing the shot rang out and the bullet tore through his arm, throwing him. Above him von Oberlin fumbled with the bolt on the rifle, putting another bullet in the chamber. The second shot would be well aimed, and Louis would be dead.

"*Cochon!*" Louis shouted. "So that is German honor—a fair duel with bayonets! Well I will finish this duel, only still with bayonets."

As he talked Louis sprang the catch, and the bayonet leaped free into his good hand. Von Oberlin had the gun to his shoulder when Louis' hand snapped like a striking snake. The bayonet glinted in the moonlight, then buried itself in the German's stomach.

"Help me," the wounded man said. "Help me." Weak with loss of blood and shock, he lay back on the ground, the bayonet sticking straight up from his middle.

"Of course I will help you," Louis said, kneeling by his side.

He took hold of the bayonet—and with a single push, pressed it througth the German's body, pinning him to the ground. Von Oberlin screamed and tried to rise, then dropped back.

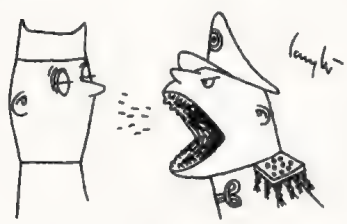
In the lines the Germans were angry, angry at von Oberlin for firing the shot, and even angrier that he had lost. A machine gunner jammed hard on his trigger, and a line of bullets threw clods of dirt across both the victor and the vanquished. Louis dived for cover, vanished like a serpent in the broken ground. Bullets splattered the spot where he had stood. A star shell lit up the night.

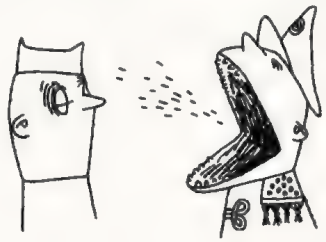
The French soldiers shouted, and a hail of bullets and shells fell on the German positions. The Germans responded to this attack, and a short, fierce fire fight answered. When the shooting had died down, a dark figure slipped over the edge of the French lines, and eager hands lifted up Lt. Louis Doré—hero.

LOUIS survived the war after fighting with the Free French in Africa. He is settled now, managing the family shoe business in Ribeauville. The duel did something to him, removed old ghosts that haunted his life. He never forgot Marianne, but he can live now with his memory.

Wilhelm von Oberlin did not make out as well—he had the bad luck to live. A volunteer team brought him in, but none of his fellow officers ever spoke to him again. His leg became badly infected and had to be amputated. The wound in his stomach required an emergency operation that removed part of his gut and one kidney. He retired to his family estate on the Rhine and has never been known to leave since. Crippled, wheelchair-bound and sick, he looks like an old man.

He, too, has *his* memories. But so have the damned in Hell. **END**





"HELL TASTES LIKE THIS . . ."

continued from page 8

come out of it alive after the expiration of their contract. This figure of survivors represents five percent of the total enlistment in the Legion; the statement has all the earmarks of an exaggeration. Yet it could correspond with the truth. There are no statistics to show the movement of recruits into the Legion or the number of Legionnaires leaving the Corps.

I have seen thousands of new soldiers pass through the depot in Sidi-bel-Abbès, sole entrance and exit of the Corps, but I have seen few take the way back into the freedom of the civilian world.

So for all we know the figure of five percent could be exact. If not, it is probably pretty near the truth.

WE WANT to establish the fact that an incredibly large number of Legionnaires have been killed after they have had the misfortune of falling into the hands of hostile Arabs, and that they have died in a way which would make the hair of any civilized person rise in horror.

However, this is intended to be history based on facts and for that reason we will temporarily lift the curtain of convention and social taboo in order to be at liberty to deal with an important segment of the Legionnaire's life. Besides, it is exactly the prevalence of these atrocities which have led many a commentator and writer to compare the Foreign Legion with Hell.

It must be kept in mind that the Arab tribesmen opposing the men of the Foreign Legion were, and in the majority still are, primitive, savage people. They are inspired by a fanatical religious belief which guides their actions especially in the war against the Christian non-believer. The Arabs are unaware of any international treaty governing the ethics of warfare, nor have they ever heard of the special treatment and protection to which prisoners of war are entitled.

In the minds of the Arabs the best enemy is a dead enemy and following this unwritten rule they do not attempt to make any distinction between an enemy at liberty and an enemy in captivity. Just as their method of warfare is primitive and savage their treatment of the Legionnaires who have had the misfortune of falling alive into their hands is cruel and inhuman. But to the defense of the male Arabs it has to be said that they are by far not as fiercely savage and cruel as their womenfolk.

It is the Arab women's specialty to torture and mutilate a captured Legionnaire as long as he is alive, and it must be admitted that they possess considerable skill in this matter—in a bloody and morbid way.

The usual procedure for these females is to have the prisoner spread-eagled on the ground after every piece of clothing has been removed. Then, after a few preliminaries (which usually consist of pulling off finger and toenails, or the exposure of the soles to an open fire till the flesh of the man's feet is charred) the Legionnaire is castrated.

All the time good care is taken that none of the inflicted injuries will cause the prisoner's quick death.

The climax of the torture proceedings is always reached when the victim's sexual parts have been cut off. While this operation of course is immensely painful, it is not always immediately fatal. Loss of blood and shock will kill the man, but there have been cases where such a tortured Legionnaire has lived for several hours and even days. The Arab women do nothing to put the mutilated victim out of his misery. On the contrary, if he should prove to be more resistant than they thought they would go to the trouble to smear honey around the open wounds in order to attract a maximum number of flies, ants and other insects. Many bodies of men have been found which were literally blackened by crawling swarms of insects of any possible description.

Against such an enemy the Legionnaire can only reciprocate in kind. Passages from several books describe these atrocities and in some cases the Legionnaires' reprisal. These descriptions are not the brain-children of sensation-seeking writers; they are the truth, and good care has been taken by this author to select only those which are free from any exaggeration.

Loehndorff's *Hell in the Foreign Legion* describes a type of incident which has happened time and again, especially during the Moroccan campaign.

"Every night now," writes Loehndorff, "the sentries are attacked. So far seventeen men have been shot down. At the change of sentry they are found naked and horribly disfigured. And in the grey light of morning their severed heads and sexual organs come flying over our rifle-stacks."

IN ANOTHER passage Loehndorff reports that the Moroccans had taken thirty prisoners. However, before they could start to torture them the Legion attacked the Arabs' hide-out and drove them away. Before fleeing, however, the Mussulmans took time out to cut off the heads of every one of their prisoners.

Waterhouse reports on six Legion deserters who fell into enemy hands. "In a particularly deserted patch," he reports, "we came across the dead bodies of six members of the Foreign Legion. The bodies had not yet been decomposed, and they could be recognized as the bodies of six of the men, who had deserted from Sellat. On closer inspection, it was found that their fingernails had been torn off, and it was obvious that they had been done to death in a most brutal way."

Here, Waterhouse refers to the fact that the six men had been castrated but he does not see fit to say so openly in his book. However, he admits the fact by implication in a later passage.

IN ROSEN'S book *In the Foreign Legion* we find a few excellent passages illustrating the sentiments of the Legionnaires toward the Arab women. He tells of an old Legionnaire who "showed me a tobacco-pouch, apparently made of fine, soft leather. 'This is made of the breast of an Arab woman,' he said. 'It is a very good pouch. Made it myself. There are only seven in the whole regiment now'!"

"During the last insurrection of Arabs in Algeria," explains Rosen, "in grim warfare far in the South, Arabian women had horribly mutilated the bodies of Legionnaires and inflicted horrible tortures on the wounded. The soldiers of the Legion, maddened, thirsting for revenge, gave quarter to no Arab woman during those times. They retaliated in kind. Of the horrible deeds they committed the dreadful tobacco-pouches gave evidence."

Another incident, implicating the Arab women, is told by Rosen. He reports that the corporal of his squad was missing at the morning roll call. He had apparently taken a walk the previous evening and had not returned. After a short search he was found.

"He was dead," writes Rosen. "But even in death I could see the frightful agony in his wide open eyes. Both legs were broken and bent backwards. The lower part of his body was slashed to pieces, but none of the wounds were deadly. They must have tormented him for hours. From that time we made no difference between men and women in fighting, but shot down everyone. How did we know that it had really been women who had tortured the corporal? The dead man clutched a piece of glass bracelet in his hand, which he must have torn off the arm of his tormentor in the struggle. Such bangles are only worn by the Bedouin women. That is the reason why the Legionnaire has come to look upon the Arab woman as the incarnation of the Devil!"

This writer can confirm an almost similar incident which took place during his time in the Legion. A Legionnaire did not return for the evening roll call. A search was instituted and his body was found at a creek not far from the encampment. It was a spot where the men used to wash their clothes and where, during the day, the Arab women of a nearby village fetched their water. It was never clear whether the man went to the creek just in order to have some fresh air or to have a rendezvous with an Arabian belle. It could have been the latter because under his tunic was hidden a loaf of bread, valuable commodity during the time of World War II. Maybe this was the price a woman had asked for her favors. Anyway, it apparently never came to any intimacy as the presence of the bread under his tunic did indicate. The tunic, incidentally, was the only piece of clothing left on his body. His trousers were gone and he lay there in a pool of

blood, his testicles severed and lying at a distance of several feet from his body. He was still warm, when he was found, but life must have left him an hour or so before.

The foregoing terrible incident possesses all the necessary elements to explain why the Corps has received the flattering names of "Legion of Hell" or "Cohort of the Damned." If, however, it should not suffice in the mind of the reader, the following passage from *Hell Hounds of France* by Ex-Legionnaire 1348 will provide supplementary reasons.

"The whole camp was aroused," he writes. "A full column was to march out immediately, with orders to advance on Rashaya and keep a lookout for a band of rebels that had cut up a detachment of a hundred men and twenty-six officers.

"We never found those rebels, but we came upon the mutilated bodies of the officers and men of that detachment. They were laid out, over a hundred of them, in the most bestial fashion, for our special benefit. The Fifth Squadron, heading the column, found them in a narrow gully in the mountain passes, the most filthy sight imaginable, every vestige of clothing and equipment gone, their naked, sunscorched bodies hacked and slashed, some of them grotesquely veiled, and in such a manner as to leave no doubt regarding the brand of females who had assisted in the fiendish pastime."

A GROUP of men, among them Ex-Legionnaire 1384, were searching for a comrade who had been dragged into a building by several Arabs under the cover of night. "In a room at the back of the building," he writes, "we came upon the poor devil, Delius. But, God! What a sight he was! The women who had done this thing were caught in the very act, dripping knives in their hands. There were three of them, crouching by the wall, veiled women in voluminous black clothing. . . .

"We stared at that ghastly naked thing that had been their plaything, stretched out across the middle of the floor, spread-eagled, feet, hands and neck secured to the floor boards. The face of Delius was no longer a face, but a bestial, shocking, nauseating travesty of a face; for these women had been up to their old tricks.

"When the enormity of this horrible thing that had been done to our comrade impressed itself upon us, we turned suddenly mad. A dozen pairs of hands fell upon these women, tearing away the veils and clothing too. . . .

"Delius was still breathing as we loosened the thongs that bound him to the floor, still warm as we re-adjusted him in the semblance of a man. While we attended to him, others searched the building, and presently returned with two more women. Now they were five. Lined up against the wall, they stared at us, their unveiled features working with terror. One by one they were divested of clothing and slung up to the beams of the ceiling, feet first; and no army could have stopped those enraged soldiers, fiendishly exulting in the punishment of the women, for this lascivious mutilation of a comrade, according to the dictates of their insane impulses and fancies. . . . The screams of those women filled the night, or rather the early dawn, renting the air in terrific crescendo . . . piercing enough to awaken even the dead Delius."

HAPPENINGS of this type have been exploited by scores of novelists in their books about the Foreign Legion in order to enhance the appeal of their work. Nevertheless, they are not a product of fantasy. They are true in every respect. Colonel Maire, for example, who has written an unpretentious book, a matter-of-fact account of his time in the Corps, time and again reports similar cases.

"At the end of several hours march," he writes, "we arrived at a small deserted hollow. Two bodies lay there on a bed of broken stones which served them as a catafalque.

"The unfortunates! Their bodies had been pierced by several dozen knives and their heads—mouths open and distorted, their eyes wide open as if they had witnessed the last spasms of that ignoble scene—lay at a distance of several feet.

"But this was not all. Their abdomens cut open, the intestines had been torn out. And then, the Arab women, veritable furies, had intervened. . . .

"The two martyrs, terribly injured, were bathed in a red pool which the earth had not wanted to absorb. Between their legs—spread far apart—swarms of green flies buzzed excitedly round a scarlet abyss of torn flesh. They had no sex any more."

The veracity of Colonel Maire's book has been established beyond any possible doubt and his description of these atrocious happenings can be accepted as the truth. "Incidents of this type," he concludes, "were quite frequent."

At the beginning we referred to a writer's claim that only five percent of the volunteers for the Legion manage to come out of it alive. Let's admit that this figure is too arbitrary and let's assume that 20, 30 or even 40 percent reach the end of their respective service alive. Some of the others have remained somewhere in the boiling sands of the desert; some are buried in a shallow grave; some were devoured by vultures and hyenas; some were mutilated into a grotesque semblance of a human being by sadistic natives.

By the law of averages many of those who remained were certainly quite decent chaps, men who had joined the Corps only in order to forget, or to escape the consequences of a minor mistake, liable to be made by anyone at some time of life.

Did they actually find an opportunity to readjust their lives, to atone for their actual or imagined offense against society so that one day they would be able to return and to look everybody straight in the face again? That some found what they wanted there is no doubt; but their number was small. As for the rest—the following little scene from Armstrong's *Legion of Hell* is full of significance:

"We were issued with 100 rounds of ball ammunition, and, when that had been distributed and stowed in our pouches, a Maréchal de Logis came round and solemnly handed us one extra round each. Of course, the query immediately arose: 'What is this one for?' 'For you!' was the grim reply. 'If, at any time, you find yourself in danger of being captured by the Rifs, *do not fail to use it!* You will be sorry if you don't!' "

NO—THEY didn't find what they came to look for. Instead they found death and misery in a form they had never been able to imagine even in their hours of deepest depression.

This is the adventure and the glory of the Foreign Legion! "Do not fail to use this extra round of ammunition! You will be sorry if you don't!" This is a foretaste of Hell of such dire characteristics that purgatory proper, not unlike a giant "Fata Morgana," could lure the Legionnaire as a pleasant and enticing change. **END**

"We're playing golf, Mr. Dutton—can't you ever forget the office?"

THE FOULED-UP AFFAIR

continued from page 14

Eddie had the dime, he, in turn, acted as host.

With such a background it is hard for a man to hunt for and produce evidence he is sure will send a one-time pal to the gallows. But that's what duty demanded of Gordon Holmes.

The incident had its beginnings quite a while before. Gordon Holmes was aware of much of the start of it, but he had no idea it would lead to tragedy.

HOLMES knew, for instance, the girl Eddie Grammer married—Dot Schmidt. Dot was the daughter of an electrician and also lived in Baltimore County. She was an exceedingly handsome young woman. At the time of their marriage, in 1940, Dot was twenty and Eddie only a couple of years older.

Dot was 5'2", dark and slender. Eddie was light-haired, had a fair complexion, was exactly a foot taller than Dot, and was inclined to be moderately heavy. Following graduation from high school, Dot had not worked, but Eddie had found a job immediately. Both came from families with five children. Both were the products of "average" American homes.

In his job and socially, Eddie gave early promise of being quite certain to succeed. In Baltimore, he was taken on as an office boy by the Potash Company of America. But he didn't stay an office boy for too long. One reason for his several promotions was his thoroughgoing likeableness. He had a good smile, a pleasant word for everybody, and when it came to women he was Mister Politeness himself.

In business, Eddie's special talents turned to freight handling and traffic management. The Potash Company recognized his ability, and shortly before Pearl Harbor they transferred him to New York City, to assist their representatives there. By now, Eddie and Dot had had the first of the three daughters who would be born to them, and soon after settling in New York, to accommodate their expanding family, they rented a fairly large, but moderate-priced apartment far uptown in the Bronx.

During the war, Eddie did his bit by Selective Service. The Army sized him up and figured they had a far from usual draftee. In consequence, they made him a Counter Intelligence Corps special agent, and he served in this capacity, in the Philippines and in Japan, until about a year after hostilities had ceased.

In 1946, when no less a person than Dwight D. Eisenhower performed a tour of inspection of the Philippines, Eddie was entrusted with membership in the squad which guarded the future President's safety. Later, Eisenhower went to the pains of writing Eddie a note on "the splendid coverage given me by you and your detachment," and at the same time he sent a letter to Eddie's wife which included these words: "During my recent visit to Manila, I saw your husband practically every day. . . . He was one of the special agents assigned to cover my visit. While he misses you and the children very much, he is well and doing a splendid job."

Dottie Grammer must have been pleased by so complimentary a letter about her husband from a person of Eisenhower's high rank. Also, if Detective Sergeant Gordon Holmes, of the Baltimore County Police, heard of the letter, he, too, was in all probability pleased. Not only was Eddie Grammer doing a good job, but he was doing, in a sense, the same sort of job as was his old friend Holmes—investigative work. Had the two got together at this juncture they would have doubtlessly enjoyed talking shop. But as matters turned out, their next encounter of any importance was not enjoyable.

That important encounter did not take place for approximately six years. Meanwhile, Eddie Grammer returned from the Army to his wife, to his children, and to his job in the New York office of the Potash Company of America. From the standpoint of age and experience, his absence had added to his maturity, but that does not mean he had matured psychologically. On the contrary, the available evidence points to a recession of psychological maturity. Eddie Grammer's drive of ambition had increased, but his attributes of personality designed to serve as a governor on that drive had not developed proportionately.

In time, Eddie became dissatisfied with his job and began circulating resumés of his employment history in which he asked for a salary twice as large as the Potash Company was paying him; he wanted $12,000 a year. At this figure, there were no bidders, but in November, 1950, he obtained an $8,000-a-year job as New York office manager for the Climax Molybdenum Company, a mining concern whose principal mines are in Climax, Colorado.

In the view of a lot of Eddie's business associates, but especially in the view of many Baltimore County people with whom he had grown up, he was a shining success. Eddie had risen from the ranks of high school graduates to a plateau, income-wise, which many men fail to achieve after securing a college degree.

Eddie's pride in his business accomplishments, however, could hardly have extended into his married life on anywhere near so high a level. By 1950, the early rosy glow of his romance with Dot was long since over and they had settled down into the humdrum sort of existence that is often the lot of a couple with three small children, dishes in the sink, soiled laundry in the hamper, noses to wipe, spilled milk to mop up—and with but few outside interests they cared to share.

This is not to say that Dot was not a good, loving mother, for she was. Nor is it to say that she was never a competent housekeeper, for she could be when she tried. In fact, neighbors speak of the excellent meals she could prepare from fresh ingredients when she put enthusiasm into her cooking, but they also remark that she was too apt to use the can opener. It is significant that Eddie rarely breakfasted at home; he was more often to be found gulping down a cup of morning coffee at a drugstore counter.

Dot and Eddie never argued, never fought. A neighbor who lived in an apartment next to them for ten years says: "I never heard them raise their voices." Had they argued, perhaps they would have found release for pent-up emotions.

Dot talked a lot, but mostly of inconsequentials. She was especially fond of relating trivial anecdotes concerning her relatives back in Maryland. Her other favorite subject was Eddie's business success, and about that she went on endlessly to the few guests they entertained.

If Dot's talk about her relatives bored Eddie, it is doubtful if he reacted similarly to her recitation of his personal triumphs, for that was not his nature. He gloried in being thought of as a man who was in every way—morally, physically and commercially—head and shoulders above the common herd. Perhaps if he had not suffered from this rigid conceit, he would have been able to bend and confess himself only a fallible human, like the rest of us, when there came the time of his great crisis and the disastrous measures he took to resolve it.

At home, Eddie said very little, and in spite of all Dot's chatter about his work, she knew practically nothing of it—possibly not even how much of a salary he earned. He paid the household bills, kept the checkbook, gave her no regular allowance, and when she wanted money she had to ask for it.

A NEIGHBOR says of him: "Eddie Grammer was the sort of father who would walk a crying baby all night—and act like he was enjoying it." Also, Eddie was invariably polite with his wife, and no occasion worthy of a gift or a greeting card arose that he didn't remember her. He never interrupted her incessant talk. He held her wraps for her when they were out together, and insisted that she precede him through doors.

The fact was, however, that they were very rarely out together except at church and a few times a year at dinners held by various business organizations to which Eddie belonged. The Grammers were Methodists and soon after coming to New York they joined the Westchester Methodist Church, not far from their apartment. Dot interested herself vigorously in several phases of church activity, but Eddie was content merely to attend services now and then and to act as an usher when he was called upon.

After the tragedy which enveloped them both, their minister spoke well of them. "Their home," he said, "was one

(*Continued on page* 48)

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(*Continued from page* 46)

of simple refinement. In all my experience, I had only the highest regard for Mr. and Mrs. Grammer in their relationship one to the other and to their children." The minister, however, could not have known of the violent undercurrents of emotion that were pulling at Eddie.

These undercurrents stemmed, it would seem, at least in part, from frustration. Eddie probably had a strong sexual drive, and there is some evidence to support the theory that Dot, a woman of great morality, was restrained. Again, Eddie arrived at the conclusion that he needed the company of a woman with whom, in the world of politics, industry and general affairs, he could communicate.

Even to his closest friends, he was rarely critical of Dot, and yet, on one occasion he questioned that she was the ultimate in wifehood for a man who aspired to go far in Big Business, and once, while not sober, he spoke of the home Dot made for him as "where I get my laundry and eat—that's all."

A woman friend of Dot's has said that Dot "never talked about sex" and that she didn't think Dot was "too much interested in things like that."

Whether or not any of the foregoing is significant, the following two incidents may be. Both took place during the infrequent visits Eddie and Dot made to nightclubs together, in the latter stages of their marriage.

On the one visit, they were accompanied by a young couple who had just married. In the floor show put on by the club, scantily dressed chorus girls performed a daring routine. Both men looked on with obvious appreciation, and Dot got huffy.

Dot invited the young bride to accompany her to the ladies' room, and when they got there gave her a wifely warning: "If you take my advice, you'll put a stop to that sort of thing with your husband right now. Let him know you won't stand for it. Believe me, I'm going to say a few words to Eddie when we get home."

WHAT DOT may or may not have said to Eddie is lost to history, but this is what happened during a nightclub visit some months afterward when Dot and Eddie were with a different couple. A striptease dancer performed. Once more, Eddie was appreciative, Dot disapproving. He dismissed her disapproval with a shrug and then remarked to the other couple jestingly: "Dot would never take everything off. For one thing, she'd keep her glasses on."

Dot flared: "If you want a girl like that striptease dancer, you can have her, but I would never give you a divorce for another woman!"

Conceivably, Eddie took the latter portion of her remark with cold seriousness: *she would not give him a divorce for another woman.* In any event, it was the only time anyone acquainted with both Dot and Eddie ever heard either of them openly pass the slightest comment that there was any schism between them.

However Dot may have felt about Eddie watching, in her presence, the contortions of semi-nude girls, she gave him freedom to do so on those many, many nights—and days, too—when she wasn't with him.

To all accounts, Dot, for many years, had no right to suspect her husband of adultery. True, he was often gone from her after usual business hours, but his business necessitated late associations. As office manager for Climax Molybdenum, he was called upon to entertain visiting firemen and show them around New York. This he did, at company expense.

He became a member of the Diners Club, had charge accounts in all of the better restaurants, and formulated a considerable interest in nightlife. Frequently, he failed to get home until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, but Dot was never critical or questioning.

The fact is that until the fall of 1951 Dot had no reason to be questioning, if jealousy over another woman was in her mind. Eddie's reputation was that of a completely faithful husband.

Beyond his exploits as a host for Climax, Eddie had other nightlife activities. As a freight traffic man, he had been a member, since first coming to New York, of several traffic organizations. In each, there was a group devoted to bowling, and Eddie, a more than competent bowler, bowled with them all—as often as three nights a week. Almost invariably, his bowling activities were accompanied by a certain amount of drinking, but not until 1951 was it suspected that he was in the least bit a heavy drinker. For a long time, he was a beer man, and now and then he indulged in a moderate-priced hooker of rye. In time, however, he switched from rye to expensive Scotches.

He got so, in fact, that he grabbed a check on every occasion. At the same time, he began buying himself more expensive clothes and having his nails done by a manicurist. In short, he began thinking of himself as a pretty special fellow.

On election eve, in November, 1951, Eddie, along with a number of his traffic-association friends, visited a bowling alley on Lexington Avenue. In the course of their evening's entertainment, Eddie encountered a 28-year-old girl named Mathilda Mizibrocky. She was a member of the United Nations Secretariat. As such, she had been in Korea, and had been evacuated from there. She was a smart, knowing girl. She was of Polish ancestry, a Catholic, and her family was presently in Canada. She was a slender, likable girl of more than ordinary appeal.

Eddie's meeting with the girl was not something that she invoked. He was the aggressor, but his aggression was accidental. There was some mishap about the bowling pins, and in a sense, he "stumbled" across her. Afterward, they had a drink together, the next day lunch together, and following that they were seeing one another frequently. Eddie was enormously attracted by the girl he eventually came to call Tillie.

Eddie was less than candid with the girl. She was avowedly single, but he did not tell her that he was married. He gave her his office address and phone number, but not of his home.

In time, Eddie and Tillie became lovers. She lived in a suburb of New York, in an apartment she shared with another girl, and on those occasions when the other girl was off visiting her parents Eddie spent the night there.

Eddie's absences from home were explained as many men have explained such absences: He was away on business. Soon, his affair with Tillie became a torrid one, and in her mind the prospect of marriage loomed. Later on, Tillie was to testify: "I asked if he would like a June wedding. He said he'd make it November."

In December, 1951, a coincidental and tragic happening took place in Maryland which facilitated Eddie's ease in getting away from his wife. Dot's father fell ill of cancer and she felt she had to go and help her mother in caring for him. This left Eddie free to roam.

CURIOUSLY, none of Eddie's friends knew of his extramarital relationship. In spite of his great capacity for conversation at convivial gatherings, he was noncommunicative privately. This, really, is his tragedy. Had he had the ability to go to some friend and say, "I am in trouble," surely the friend would have given him such sympathy as to dissuade him from the mad course he eventually pursued.

And there is a further tragedy. Eddie was so shot full of pride that he found it impossible to admit to anyone that he was faced with a situation he couldn't handle alone. Pride and vanity.

Eddie's affair with Tillie continued apace, and at an ever-accelerating pace. In May, of 1952, Dot was again in Maryland, and on the seventh of that month she had a birthday. Surprisingly, Eddie gave her a present that was enormously costly. With financing and insurance it came to a bit more than $4,000. It was a fluid-drive Chrysler sedan. And it had this feature: It could be put in gear with the motor running and the emergency brake on—and the engine would not stall. Also, it had a foot-pedal accelerator which worked on a fulcrum basis. In other words, if you teetered up the lower end of the pedal it would depress the forward end and make the engine roar.

Who knows whether Eddie, at this point, had in mind using this handsome vehicle as a weapon of death or whether he meant it simply as a handsome present? In any event, Dot received it joyfully. And once more in the eyes of the people who knew Eddie, especially in Baltimore County, he was looked upon as a man of particular generosity.

Shortly after Dot's birthday—and the receipt of her present—her father died. Eddie responded to the funeral summons with alacrity and full blast. He accompanied the body to Allentown, Pennsylvania, then returned to assist in the handling of family affairs in Maryland.

However, the affairs in which he was primarily interested were in the singular rather than the plural. One affair. His affair with Tillie.

Dot decided to remain with her mother for awhile, to comfort her. The summer came on. There were vacations. Tillie's started in latter July and she planned to spend it with her family in Canada. Simultaneously, Eddie's firm came to the

(*Continued on page* 50)

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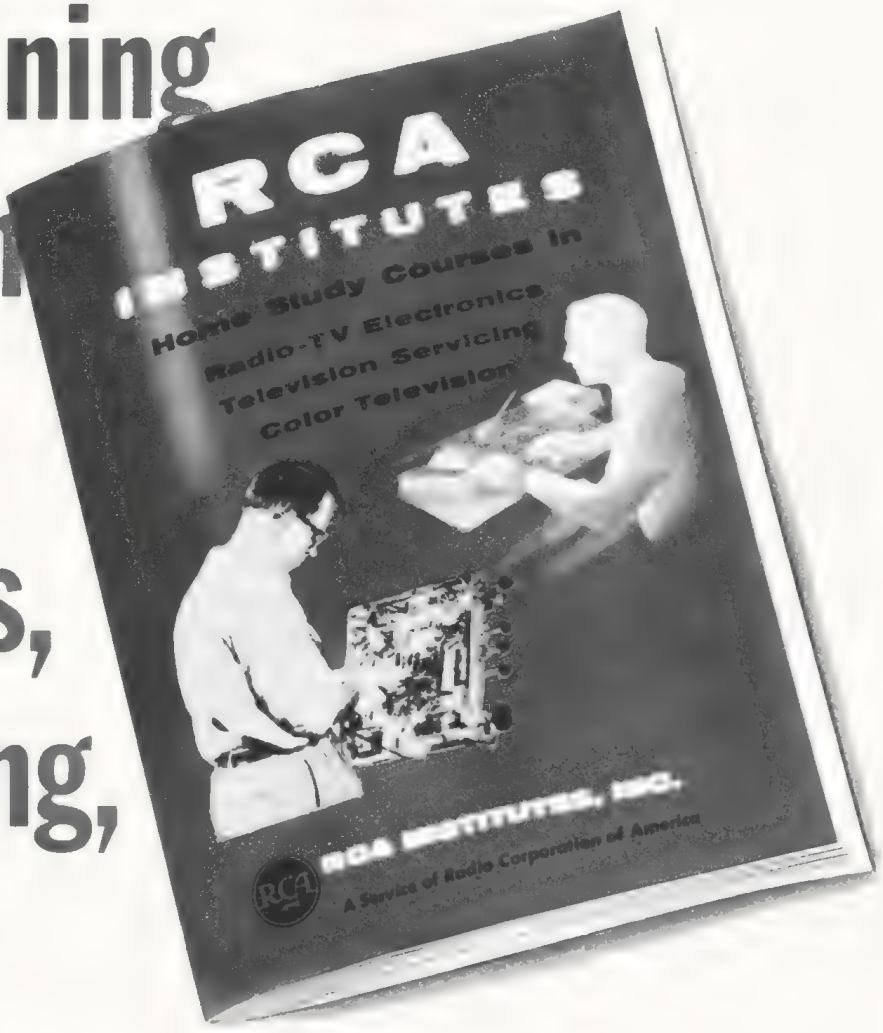

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(*Continued from page* 48)

conclusion that he should see more of their workings and visit their mines in Colorado. Eddie and Tillie left New York together and for a few days put up at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, in Chicago.

When they parted there, Tillie to continue on to Canada, and Eddie to Colorado, it was the last time they were to see one another while Eddie was a free man. Later, Tillie said: "We both realized it wasn't right but our deep love for each other made it seem right."

WHAT Tillie was referring to was that she and Eddie were not married; she still had no realization that he *was* married.

After the Chicago interlude, Tillie continued on to Canada to spend the rest of her vacation. She was deeply troubled over her relationship with Eddie for a reason other than has been expressed. She was Catholic and he was Protestant. They had discussed this problem and Eddie had voiced some hesitancy about changing his religion to meet her immutable view that she would never change hers. In the light of subsequent events, it stands almost glaringly apparent why he said what he said. It was a tactic of delay. He was holding off as long as he could to keep from having to destroy his marriage.

After Chicago, Eddie went on to Colorado. There had been, however, a hiatus of several days in which Dot was unable to reach him, and unable, too, to understand why she couldn't. Nor, for that matter, could his office reach him. He had been shacked up in a hotel in Chicago with Tillie. Eventually, when Dot got through to him in Colorado, he made lame excuses and told her that he was flying East soon.

This he did in mid-August. Dot met him at the Baltimore airport and took him home to her mother's house in Baltimore County. In the ensuing several days, there were various comings and goings in the house, during which Dot's mother left to visit a son in Michigan. The upshot of these comings and goings was that Eddie and Dot, with their children, were left alone in the house—alone, unless it could be considered that the new Chrysler was company for them.

Finally, Eddie's business required that he return to his office in New York. On the night of August 19, he and Dot set out from her mother's house to drive to the Pennsylvania Railroad station in Baltimore, so that he might catch an 11:28 train for New York. This train would put him in New York at around 3 in the morning. By subway and bus, he would then be able to reach his apartment in uptown New York by 4 o'clock, and surely by that time Dot should have been long since in bed.

At a half hour after midnight, however, an incident occurred in Baltimore County irrevocably to prove that Dot was not home in bed. It involved a car hurtling down Taylor Avenue hill—a steep thoroughfare which ended at much-travelled Belair Road.

The careening car was observed with great consternation by two Baltimore County policemen, who saw it strike a telephone pole and turn over on its right side. They rushed to it and found in it a woman who was a little later pronounced dead by a medical examiner.

Later still, the medical examiner determined the woman had died as a result of a severe injury to her head. From papers in her pocketbook she was identified as Dot Grammer.

Before dawn, efforts were made to reach Dot's husband, Eddie, in New York, but without success. His phone didn't answer. At 7, however, he did answer. He sounded shocked and grief-stricken to hear that his wife was dead.

The wrecked car was examined with extraordinary interest by Baltimore County detectives—including Sergeant Gordon Holmes. Sergeant Holmes noted that there was a great amount of blood on the left side of the front seat, but very little on the right side, where, if Dot had been killed as a result of the accident, most of the blood should have been.

A circumstance of greater curiosity, however, cropped up when Holmes took a look at the car's accelerator pedal. Underneath its downmost end a small stone was lodged—but a pebble of sufficient size to cause the pedal to press forward and accelerate the motor.

Holmes figured that this could be murder. Someone, conceivably, could have bludgeoned Dot as she sat in her car at the top of Taylor Avenue and then sent it skyrocketing down the hill with the idea of simulating an accident.

Shortly, Holmes was convinced that murder had been done. And the conviction that came to him destroyed him emotionally. His old friend, Eddie Grammer, he was convinced, had killed Dot. This was the friend with whom he had played baseball, with whom he had gone fishing as a kid, and for whom, until now, he had the utmost respect.

Suffering the terrible distress of this knowledge, it fell to Gordon Holmes to interrogate Eddie Grammer following his return to Baltimore County to attend his wife's funeral. Holmes found Grammer in a state of shock supposedly induced by grief. The shock, it developed, was the result of the liquor he had partaken after being apprised of Dot's "accident." A New York business associate remembers that Eddie phoned him as soon as he was notified of his wife's death. This businessman rushed up immediately to Eddie's apartment and flew with him to Baltimore. In the apartment and during the course of the flight, Eddie drank almost a full bottle of liquor.

Naturally, Holmes, as does any good detective, looked for a motive behind the crime. A possible one was found in the discovery that Eddie had been having an affair with Mathilda Mizibrocky and had been making overtures of marriage to her. In his mail at his office, there were letters from the sadly deluded girl saying she was hoping to rejoin him in New York in the very near future.

This reunion never took place, unless it could be said that a man on trial for his life and a woman produced as a prosecution witness, in a courtroom scene, are thus reunited.

Prior to the courtroom event, however, a dramatic incident occurred at the headquarters of the Baltimore County police. Eddie, who had been taken into custody, was surrounded by a group of questioners who interrogated him relentlessly. A district attorney suddenly asked him something that hadn't been asked before: "Mr. Grammer, are you ready to tell us *why* you killed your wife?"

"I didn't kill my wife," Eddie said.

"Will you tell us, then, your recollection of your last conversation with her?"

Eddie looked out the window. "Certainly," he answered, "but I'll need some time to think about it."

"Take as much time as you like," the district attorney suggested.

A TERRIBLE stillness fell over the room, interrupted only by the same question repeated by the district attorney at fifteen-minute intervals: "Mr. Grammer, are you ready to answer?"

The weather was hot, but not hot enough to give warrant for the sweat that rivuleted at his brow. One hour and fifteen minutes passed. The district attorney put the question for the sixth time: "Mr. Grammer, will you tell us what were your last words to your wife?"

Eddie was done for. He said he would answer if everyone was excluded from the room except his old friend, Sergeant Holmes, and another officer. Then he spilled his guts.

It was true. There was another woman. He had killed Dot. He hated himself for having done it, but he had done it. And that was that.

At his own request, Eddie was tried without a jury. The judge sitting on the case had no leeway; all he could do was to sentence Eddie to death. This meant death by hanging.

Eddie went to his death on the morning of June 11, 1954. The steps leading up the scaffold were built of timber made from his vanity and his conceit. The platform on which he stood was constructed of his inadequacy to cope with an extramarital love affair. And lastly, the trap through which he dropped was a four-foot-square hole of pride. **END**

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MEN-117

DR. ED'S GIRL-TRAP

continued from page 21

himself with no feminine companionship. He was working as a lowly ditch digger in the village of Dryden, New York.

Then he got a break. The principal of the Dryden Seminary for Young Ladies slipped into his ditch while crossing the street. On scrambling out the principal cried: "Fie, fie upon it!"

Leaning on his shovel, Ed Rulloff smiled and offered a correction. "If you are quoting from Shakespeare's 'Troilus and Cressida,'" he said, "then you are wrong. The line, Act Four, Scene Five, is *not* 'Fie, fie upon *it*,' but 'Fie, fie upon *her*.'"

The seminary principal, a Mr. Jenkins, brushed himself off and regarded his roughly dressed, but obvious learned challenger with amazement. "Young man," he wanted to know, "if you are so familiar with Shakespeare, why are you working as a common laborer?"

RULLOFF gave an explanation. He had been educated in Europe, he declared, and while he had for long hoped to join the faculty of some American institution of learning, he had been rejected because he could not supply a diploma acceptable on this side of the Atlantic. That was a lie. Rulloff was a self-educated man. What he knew he had gleaned entirely from reading—especially during the many months he had spent in various Canadian jails.

Mr. Jenkins, however, was impressed, and he invited the scholarly ditch digger to his seminary for an interview. Rulloff acquitted himself admirably. He convinced Jenkins that he was of high moral character and perfectly capable of teaching the seminary girls almost anything, including botany, biology, chemistry, English Literature, Greek, Latin, French.

The one subject he failed to mention—and in which he was amply versed—was physiology. Rulloff had a more-than-scientific interest in the female body.

Jenkins employed him as an instructor and the doing, which required Rulloff to live in close proximity to several-score young beauties, was tantamount to letting a cockerel loose in a barnyard of pullets.

The girls adored Professor Rulloff, although not necessarily for his physical attributes. He was short, squat and heavy, with an inordinately large head, limpid and innocent blue eyes set wide apart, and a sparse fringe of brownish beard adorning his massive chin and jaws.

But if he was not an Adonis, he was certainly one of the most personable of men, and his conversational exchanges with his students were blessed with wit and grace. A number of the young ladies fell hard. Rulloff, in brief, robbed several of his pupils of their innocence, and would have continued with others had he not got serious with one in particular.

This one, Harriet Schutt, was a handsome brunette of eighteen from a well-to-do family in nearby Ithaca. Harriet threw herself at Professor Rulloff and was caught out at first base, a matrimonial altar. Her parents objected to the match, but belatedly, for the damage had already been done; Harriet was pregnant.

Rulloff overcame much of the antipathy of his inlaws when he proved himself capable of assuming a higher station in life than that of a mere seminary instructor. With his usual ingenuity, he suddenly produced a certificate (forged, of course) warranting that he was a doctor of medicine. Under the lax professional standards of the day his claim was accepted. He and his bride moved to the hamlet of Lansing, New York—in Tompkins County and close to the southern tip of Lake Cayuga—and he began practice as a physician. His reputation as a doctor grew and the villagers flocked to his office.

Indeed, his brother-in-law, William Schutt, began to depend on him for medical counsel, and when William's wife, Mabel, fell ill in Ithaca, Dr. Rulloff was summoned. He lived in the Schutt home for over a week. While he was attentive to Mrs. Schutt, in a professional way, he was more attentive, in a non-professional way, to an attractive maid employed by the family, a girl named Susan.

There came a day when Mrs. Schutt left her sick room unexpectedly. She passed the maid's door and caught the girl, half naked, in Rulloff's arms. Mrs. Schutt discharged Susan on the spot and shouted at Rulloff: "Harriet will hear about this as soon as I can write her!"

"Now, Mabel," Rulloff admonished, "you know you are supposed to take things easy. Go back to bed and I'll give you a sedative."

Mrs. Schutt swallowed the pill Rulloff administered, fell asleep, and never awakened. Dr. Ed attributed her death to a heart attack and for the time being, it was passed off as such. Rulloff returned home and in April of 1845, his wife gave birth to a daughter they named Dorothy.

From the very first, Rulloff expressed displeasure that the child had not been a boy. He grew restless in his domestic imprisonment and hankered after the money his wife had inherited from her grandmother. His medical practice bored him and he voiced the desire to pursue, without any family or professional encumbrance, the study of etymology. He had got the idea that the language of the American Indian was related to the Egyptian and he wanted opportunity—and the funds—to do research in this field.

Harriet opposed him on the grounds that with his booming medical practice it would be absurd to fly off on some profitless tangent. Even so, when Rulloff took a vacation in June, he went to stay for a couple of weeks with an Indian tribe, whose reservation bordered the shores of Lake Cayuga. And there, once again, sex reared its head. Rulloff got mixed up with an Indian girl, but she refused to have anything further to do with him when she discovered he was married.

Rulloff rectified the situation shortly. He returned home to Lansing and within a day or two borrowed a horse and wagon from a neighbor, a farmer named Robinson. In addition, Robinson helped him load upon the wagon a large and heavy chest reputedly filled with clothing. "Harriet has gone to visit her uncle in Mott's Corner," Rulloff declared, "and has taken little Dorothy with her. I'm driving over some of the stuff they'll need."

This explanation for the absence of Rulloff's wife and baby might have sufficed, temporarily, but for the arrival in Lansing, a few days later, of Harriet's brother, the recently bereaved William Schutt. He happened to run into Robinson and was amazed at the story.

"Why, that's impossible!" Schutt exclaimed. "Harriet doesn't have an uncle in Mott's Corners—or anybody else there she might be visiting!" Harriet's brother was doubly alarmed when he learned Rulloff had cleared out her bank account.

At Schutt's instigation, a great hue and cry went up for Dr. Rulloff. He was apprehended at the reins of his borrowed horse, meandering along the shore of Lake Cayuga in the direction of the Indian reservation. The chest was still aboard the wagon, but empty.

On the assumption that Rulloff had killed his wife and child and had thrown their bodies in the lake, Tompkins County Sheriff Jacob Jarvis obtained a warrant charging him with Harriet's murder, and he was lodged in the Ithaca jail.

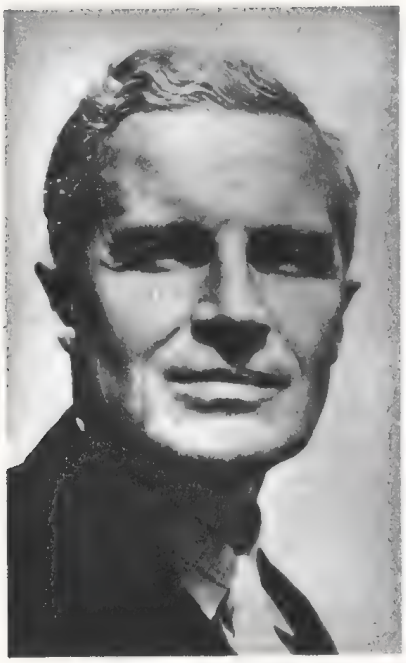
Rulloff's trial came up in January, 1846. Since, in the interim, no bodies had been found, he went on trial only for having abducted his wife and not for murder. He told a vague story: that Harriet had decided to leave him and had taken little Dorothy and run off he knew not where. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty and Judge Balcolm sentenced him to ten years in the penitentiary at Auburn, with the stipulation that he serve his full time.

Rulloff proved a model prisoner. He took charge of the penitentiary library, studied assiduously in many fields, and served as a schoolteacher for his fellow inmates. But on his release in 1856, he was rearrested, again on a charge of having killed Harriet.

SHERIFF Jarvis had learned that back in the summer of 1845 a man answering Rulloff's description had sold to the Geneva Medical College, not far from Lansing, two human bodies, that of a dark-haired young woman and a female infant. The bodies, of course, had been long since dissected and buried in anonymous graves, but Jarvis said they were those of Harriet Rulloff and her baby.

Rulloff yelled: "Double jeopardy!" While at Auburn, his studies had included law and he now contended, with some legal precedent, that if he had been convicted of abducting his wife, he could not

(*Continued on page* 54)



I'd like to give this to my fellow men...

while I am still able to help!

I was young once, as you may be—today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my summer home, my Cadillacs, my Winter-long vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there is one simple secret. It is this secret that I would like to impart to you. If you are satisfied with a humdrum life of service to another master, turn this page now—read no more. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from bosses, free from worries, free from fears, read further. This message may be meant for you

By Victor B. Mason

I am printing my message in a magazine. It may come to the attention of thousands of eyes. But of all those thousands, only a few will have the vision to understand. Many may read; but of a thousand only you may have the intuition, the sensitivity, to understand that what I am writing may be intended for you—may be the tide that shapes your destiny, which, taken at the crest, carries you to levels of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me. There is no mysticism in this. I am not speaking of occult things; of innumerable laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is *rubbish!* And anyone who tries to tell you that you can *think* your way to riches without effort is a false friend. I am too much of a realist for that. And I hope you are.

I hope you are the kind of man—if you have read this far—who knows that anything worthwhile has to be *earned!* I hope you have learned that there is no reward without effort. If you have learned this, then you may be ready to take the next step in the development of your karma—you may be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

I Have All The Money I Need

In my own life I have gone beyond the need of money. I have it. I have gone beyond the need of gain. I have two businesses that pay me an income well above any amount I have need for. And, in addition, I have the satisfaction—the deep satisfaction—of knowing that I have put more than three hundred other men in businesses of their own. Since I have no need for money, the greatest satisfaction I get from life, is sharing my secret of personal independence with others—seeing them achieve the same heights of happiness that have come into my own life.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. I believe that charity is something that no proud man will accept. I have never seen a man who was worth his salt who would accept something for nothing. I have never met a highly successful man whom the world respected who did not sacrifice something to gain his position. And, unless you are willing to make at least half the effort, I'm not interested in giving you a "leg up" to the achievement of your goal. Frankly, I'm going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to make me believe that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success and are not willing to sacrifice something to get it.

*Posed by Professional Model

A Fascinating and Peculiar Business

I have a business that is peculiar—one of my businesses. The unusual thing about it is that it is needed in every little community throughout this country. But it is a business that will never be invaded by the "big fellows". It has to be handled on a local basis. No giant octopus can ever gobble up the whole thing. No big combine is ever going to destroy it. It is essentially a "one man" business that can be operated without outside help. It is a business that is good summer and winter. It is a business that is growing each year. And, it is a business that can be started on an investment so small that it is within the reach of anyone who has a television set. But it has nothing to do with television.

This business has another peculiarity. It can be started at home in spare time. No risk to present job. No risk to present income. And no need to let anyone else know you are "on your own". It can be run as a spare time business for extra money. Or, as it grows to the point where it is paying more than your present salary, it can be expanded into a full time business—overnight. It can give you a sense of personal independence that will free you forever from the fear of lay-off, loss of job, depressions, or economic reverses.

Are You Mechanically Inclined?

While the operation of this business is partly automatic, it won't run itself. If you are to use it as a stepping stone to independence, you must be able to work with your hands, use such tools as hammer and screw driver, and enjoy getting into a pair of blue jeans and rolling up your sleeves. But two hours a day of manual work will keep your "factory" running 24 hours turning out a product that has a steady and ready sale in every community. A half dollar spent for raw materials can bring you six dollars in cash—six times a day.

In this message I'm not going to try to tell you the entire story. There is not enough space on this page. And, I am not going to ask you to spend a penny now to learn the secret. I'll send you all the information, free. If you are interested in becoming independent, in becoming your own boss, in knowing the sweet fruits of success as I know them, send me your name. That's all. Just your name. I won't ask you for a penny. I'll send you all the information about one of the most fascinating businesses you can imagine. With these facts, you will make your own investigation. You will check up on conditions in your neighborhood. You will weigh and analyze the whole proposition. Then, and then only, if you decide to take the next step, I'll allow you to invest $15.00. And even then, if you decide that your fifteen dollars has been badly invested I'll return it to you. Don't hesitate to send your name. I have no salesmen. I will merely write you a long letter and send you complete facts about the business I have found to be so successful. After that, you make the decisions.

Does Happiness Hang on Your Decision?

Don't put this off. It may be a coincidence that you are reading these words right now. Or, it may be a matter that is more deeply connected with your destiny than either of us can say. There is only one thing certain: If you have read this far you are interested in the kind of independence I enjoy. And if that is true, then you must take the next step. No coupon on this advertisement. If you don't think enough of your future happiness and prosperity to write your name on a postcard and mail it to me, forget the whole thing. But if you think there is a destiny that shapes men's lives, send your name now. What I send you may convince you of the truth of this proverb. And what I send you will not cost a penny, now or at any other time.

VICTOR B. MASON Suite M-19-M
1512 Jarvis Avenue
CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

(*Continued from page 52*)

be tried for murdering her. The authorities of Tompkins County, however, had another card to play. They withdrew the Harriet Rulloff murder indictment and substituted another for the murder of little Dorothy Rulloff.

The jury found him guilty and he was sentenced to hang. Languishing for a second time in the Ithaca jail, Rulloff filed an appeal, and wrote the brief himself with considerable brilliance.

JACOB Jarvis was not only the sheriff of Tompkins County but the jailer. His son, Albert, 18, acted as his turnkey. Albert had never had the advantage of a college education, a fact deplored by his father, and while the sheriff looked with a jaundiced eye at Rulloff in the role of a law-abiding citizen, he could not help but respect him as a scholar. So Rulloff, while waiting to die by the rope, gave young Albert Jarvis lessons in philosophy.

Rulloff's philosophy turned out to be of the strictly hedonistic sort. He soon convinced Albert that (1) he should supply him with women and liquor in his cell, and (2) should facilitate his escape. Rulloff got first crack at any Ithaca girls picked up and brought to the jail on charges of endangering the public morals.

When the sheriff was away, bacchanalian revels ensued, in which Albert himself participated. A little tart named Cynthia, with an ear for poetry, fell hard for Rulloff, and when he was not on his cot with her, he charmed her by reciting from Shelley, Byron and Keats. All told, Rulloff's days and nights of incarceration were not without diversion.

In time, however, excessive frolicking palled on Rulloff. What if the Court of Appeals should not see the case his way? That would mean a grim dawn and a scaffold with the inevitable thirteen steps up and none down. Rulloff urged Albert to hurry up plans for his escape.

The business was arranged for the night of May 4, 1857. Albert experienced a convenient slip of memory and failed to lock either Rulloff's cell or the main jail gate. He did not forget to leave a saddled horse in a nearby patch of woods.

Rulloff fled the jail, mounted the horse, and rode hard for a couple of days until he had safely crossed the Pennsylvania line. In the early summer, representing himself as Professor James Nelson, late of the University of Paris, he appeared at Allegheny College, in Meadville, Pennsylvania, and sought a faculty job from the Reverend Dr. Barker, the president. There wasn't an opening, but Dr. Barker was so impressed with his qualifications that he recommended him to a Dr. A. B. Richmond, a wealthy collector of conch shells in Meadville, who took him on as curator of his museum.

As a conchologist, Rulloff was wholly satisfactory; he could distinguish at a glance between a *taenioglossa* and a *platypoda* of the family *tectibranchia*, although even to some experts the distinction was difficult. Again, he could distinguish from among the Meadville girls those who would indulge in his less scholarly interests. In a few months he had one of them, a lass named Betty Pryor, in trouble. To remedy the situation, he promised to marry Betty and it is possible that he might have done so had not other complications entered the picture.

These involved a series of nighttime burglaries which had troubled the Meadville authorities for some weeks. First a jewelry store had been broken into, then a pawnbroker's, and finally a bank. The eminently respectable Professor Nelson was suspected only after the bank job, for he had inadvertently left behind there, near the jimmied safe, a sheaf of papers relating to conchology. With the police breathing down his neck he shook from his heels the dust of Meadville, or rather the snow—for by now it was January, 1858—and left poor Betty to find her own salvation.

Later in the month, the fugitive Rulloff —calling himself John Calkins—stumbled into Jamestown, New York, near the Ohio line. The temperature was twenty below zero and Rulloff's left foot was severely frostbitten. His story was that he had got lost from a hunting party. He took a suite in the Jamestown Hotel and asked that a doctor be sent to him.

For the time being, however, a doctor could not be found. Rulloff prescribed for himself, to no avail; his big toe had become gangrenous. He ordered from a pharmacy a bone saw and a scalpel.

When the pharmacist arrived with the instruments, he found Rulloff, with his foot in a tub, swigging down a pint of whiskey for want of a better anesthetic.

"Great God, Mr. Calkins," the pharmacist demanded, "what are you doing?"

"Amputating my big toe," replied Rulloff complacently, and without wincing he proceeded to perform the operation.

As a result of his singular feat, Rulloff was the object of much interest in Jamestown. People pointed out "Mr. Calkins" as he limped along the street—to Calkins' advantage. A hostler named Murphy recognized him as Rulloff, a convict with whom he had served time in Auburn Penitentiary. Also, the hostler had followed Rulloff's subsequent career in the newspapers and knew that he was an escaped prisoner from the Ithaca jail. At the instigation of Sheriff Jarvis (who was more than a little disappointed in his son Albert), Tompkins County had offered $2,000 for Rulloff's capture and return.

HOSTLER Murphy squealed on Rulloff to Sheriff John Dennin, of Chautauqua County, in which Jamestown lies. Dennin hurried to arrest him, but Rulloff had just checked out of the Jamestown Hotel. The chase led to within a mile of the Ohio line where Dennin finally caught up with the fugitive and grabbed him.

For a third time, Rulloff was locked up in the Ithaca jail, and on this occasion he was *not* under the tender ministrations of Albert Jarvis. His luck held, however, for the Court of Appeals eventually handed down a decision that reversed his conviction for his daughter's murder. When the news reached Ithaca, a mob stormed the jail, and Rulloff would have been lynched had not Sheriff Jarvis spirited him off to Auburn for safekeeping.

What to do with the culprit? The district attorney of Tompkins County considered, then exhumed the thirteen-year-dead body of Mabel Schutt, Rulloff's sister-in-law, and had it submitted to toxicological examination. The toxicologists found poison, but could not, at this late date, swear that Mabel had died of it. And even if she had, there was no real proof that Rulloff had fed it to her. In the end, Rulloff was turned over to the authorities of Meadville, Pa., to answer for his burglaries there and for the seduction and impregnation of Betty Pryor.

On his way back to Meadville, Rulloff escaped from his custodians by the simple, although hardly delicate, process of vanishing when permitted to use a privy. Investigation disclosed that he had pried up the seat and ducked out from under the rear. Whatever the condition of his person and his clothing as a consequence of this maneuver, he was clean and elegantly dressed when he showed up in Keene, N. H., a few weeks later.

He wore a silk hat, a suit of somber black, a clerical collar, and introduced himself as the Reverend Mr. Aloysius Trent, an Episcopal clergyman. Until quite recently, he claimed, he had taught at Oxford, in England, and was presently bent on establishing a school for boys, along strictly religious lines, in Keene. The townspeople were much impressed; the leading citizens collected funds to assist the Reverend Mr. Trent in his labors in the Lord's vineyard.

CHAIRLADY of the group was Hazel Reynolds, a young widow whose husband's untimely death had left her financially comfortable, but lonely for a man. She and the phony clergyman hit it off right away, and while she was spiritually surprised at the unecclesiastical manner in which he climbed into her bed, she was nevertheless physically gratified.

Rulloff's imposture as the Reverend Mr. Trent came to light when he was discovered converting funds for the school into funds for Rulloff. Much to the disappointment of Hazel Reynolds, his fraud earned him a two-year term in a New Hampshire prison from which, try as he would, he could not make an escape. But he made friends, one of them William Dexter, a young criminal of talent from New York City.

As it happened, Rulloff and Dexter were released from prison on the same day—a day in 1861—and they journeyed to New York together. Dexter went to live with his mother in Brooklyn, while Rulloff, calling himself Professor Alfred Leurio, took quarters on Third Avenue, in Manhattan. The professor opened a penmanship school, the better to explain the fact that he had on hand all the materials for forging checks.

Dexter joined the professor in passing his forgeries. So did, of all people, Alfred Jarvis, the sheriff's son. The unholy trio built up a substantial business not only in forgeries, but in burglaries. Burglary-wise, they specialized in the theft of textiles; the Civil War was on and yard goods of any kind were hard to come by.

The Civil War ended, but the thieves kept on. The complexities of Rulloff's character demanded, however, that he indulge not only in criminal activity, but

(*Continued on page 56*)

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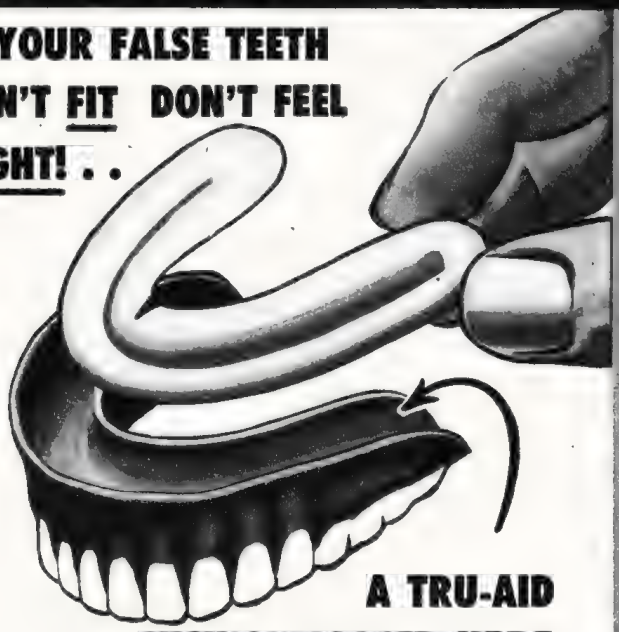

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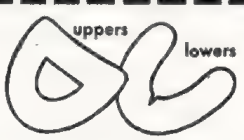

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MEN AND MEDICINE

DEATH BY DEGREES—The weather man had this to say about 40,417 people who died in Munich over a 3-year period: mortality was higher during the winter than over the summer months; much higher on days when the weather made a significant change than during settled conditions; particularly low during periods of very pleasant weather.

PILL FOR RADIATION SICKNESS—**While an increasing number of industrial workers are being exposed to possible radiation on their jobs, Tennessee medical researchers believe they may have developed a pill to protect you from radiation death. Called AET, the chemical has been found effective so far in laboratory mice and monkeys exposed to lethal doses of radiation. Big problem is that the chemical is almost immediately excreted by the kidneys. Tests of the pills with men are now going on, but the big trial will be made if there's an atomic accident in a highly radioactive area.**

PUSH-BUTTON ULCERS—Despite what your boss may think, a monkey *couldn't* handle the pressures of an executive job any better than you. In a series of psychological studies conducted at the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research, 15 monkeys were conditioned to push a lever every 20 seconds to avoid a painful electric shock. When subjected to the tension of this "executive authority," 9 of the long-tailed animals died of a gastrointestinal ailment—6 of them with duodenal ulcers. Next step in the experiment, according to Capt. R. W. Porter of the Division of Neuropsychiatry, is to use tranquilizing drugs if the same results show up in future testings.

POW MADNESS—"Give-up-itis"—the strangest disease to hit American GI's in Korea—developed in enemy POW camps. Victims withdrew completely from all activity going on around them, stayed inside their barracks—sprawled on the floor or cots, refused all food and developed an insane craving for cold water. Usually they were dead within three weeks of the outbreak of symptoms. Most GI's who came down with the weird psychiatric ailment were enlisted men, under 25 years of age, mostly from broken homes.

BYE-BYE BUNIONS—**Bunions may be on the way out as a result of a new type of surgical treatment. One of the bones of the big toe is shortened and a stiff wire is run through the two toe bones to align the toe with the first metatarsal bone of the foot. Forty-two patients who tried this remedy found that they were able to walk the day after the operation. At the end of three weeks, when the foot muscles have healed, the wire is removed.**

HEART TROUBLE AND YOUR JOB—Nineteen out of every twenty men with heart trouble were able to return to their old jobs as they were, or with only slight modifications, an important 3-year study reveals. In a survey of 15,000 men in the oil industry who had heart attacks, hardening of the arteries, anginal pains or stroke, only 5 percent had to return to a completely new type of job.

IN SHORT—**At the request of the American Cancer Society, MEN is listing the 7 danger signals of cancer: 1. Unusual bleeding or discharge; 2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere; 3, A sore that does not heal; 4. Persistent change in bowel or bladder habits; 5. Persistent hoarseness or cough; 6. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing; 7. Change in a wart or mole. . . . A new pain-killer, 40 times more potent than morphine but non-habit forming, has been developed in Belgium and tested in a Paris hospital. Called R.875, it can be given effectively by mouth. . . . A 10-year study of 117 patients concludes that a single massive dose of antigen, injected under the skin, immunizes against inhalent allergies as effectively as the 39-70 injections ordinarily given.**

(*Continued from page 54*)

in scholarly achievement. In his spare time, he wrote a treatise on language, which he read before a learned philological convention in Poughkeepsie, New York, on July 17, 1869, and his theories received some approval.

Rulloff's language idea might have been published—and might have received widespread distribution—but for the fact that the Mr. Hyde side of his personality once more overcame its Dr. Jekyll features. In August, 1870, he and his two confederates, Dexter and Jarvis, heard of a valuable shipment of silk sent to the firm of Halbert Brothers, in Binghamton, New York.

On August 15, they slipped out of New York, and arrived in Binghamton a few days later. Then rented a wagon to haul off the goods they planned to steal and broke into the Halbert establishment on the night of August 21. Rulloff, who did the initial burglarizing, removed his shoes and left them at the door.

Unknown to the thieves, two clerks—Gilbert Burrows and Fred Mirrick—were sleeping in the building. A fight ensued, during which Rulloff shot and killed Mirrick and wounded Burrows. Then, empty-handed, the three burglars fled the scene.

But Burrows had not been so badly wounded that he could not sound an alarm. The Binghamton police scoured the area and on the following morning found two suspects. Neither could stand trial, however—they were corpses with bullets in their heads, floating in the Chenango River. Papers in their pockets identified them as Dexter and Jarvis, and they had been killed with a pistol of the same caliber that had killed Mirrick. Dexter was missing his shoes.

But the police were puzzled. The shoes picked up outside the door of the Halbert building did not fit Dexter and in the left one, in the area normally accommodating a big toe, was stuffed a wad of cotton.

Then the police nabbed Ed. He gave a plausible explanation of what he was doing in Binghamton and might have been released except for a remarkable coincidence. In magistrate's court, he was recognized by Judge Balcolm, who happened to be visiting from Tompkins County. It was Judge Balcolm who had sentenced him for abducting his wife almost a quarter-century before.

Rulloff's shoes were jerked off him, the fact that he had a toe missing was revealed, and it was found that the cotton-wadded shoe fit his left foot perfectly. He had killed his two confederates, possibly to secure the shoes, possibly, too, to silence witnesses against him.

Rulloff was convicted of the murder of Mirrick. On May 3, 1872, he was hanged. In spite of his myriad crimes, so great was his popularity that many people were convinced of his innocence and there were even volunteers who offered to be hanged in his stead.

After his execution, the bone of his skull was found to be a quarter-inch thicker than normal and his brain ten ounces heavier than the average. And to end the story fittingly, his brain was given to the medical school at Cornell University—in Ithaca. **END**

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EATING ME ALIVE

continued from page 25

was work for all and a full belly for every member of the family.

Then it hit—the depression. One by one came the shutdowns. It was like turning off a faucet, shutting off the pipeline that was food and drink and clothes.

We dragged on, getting leaner and hungrier, and starving right along with us were our cats, our dogs—and the rats.

The rats had disappeared from the houses long since—there wasn't any food to attract them. They were down in the deserted mines, gnawing out the heartwood of the rotting pit props to get at the soft maggots inside, banding together in great ravenous hordes.

They must have scented me, the morning I walked down the abandoned mine shaft. They must have felt or heard something.

There were groups of us roaming the slag heaps around the abandoned workings. We were searching for scraps of surface coal for fuel.

My brother, Lloyd, and I were working some distance apart. With us was our dog, Skipper, a Staffordshire terrier, a fighter who'd take on anything.

I'd been working for hours. I yelled to Lloyd, "How's it going?"

"Not good." He raised his sack.

I nodded. "How about trying inside one of the shafts?"

He hesitated. "I wouldn't if I were you. It's pretty dangerous in there."

I grinned. Lloyd was a cautious one. I waited till his back was turned, then I whistled the dog, and he came trotting over to me, ears cocked.

The entrance to the shaft had been thoroughly boarded up at one time, but the center boards had rotted away, leaving a big gap. I snapped on the beam of a flashlight and eased myself through the entrance.

Inside, the floor was littered with jagged splinters of wood, tumbled heaps of loose shale. I picked up the broken haft of a miner's pick, more out of curiosity than protection, and walked on.

The dog seemed strangely reluctant. He'd walk a few paces, stop, sniff, then walk on again and repeat the procedure.

We reached the end of the ramp, about 40 yards from the entrance. Now we heard a weird soughing noise. It seemed to be coming nearer.

There was a choice of galleries to take. I shone the light in one, and saw what I wanted. It was a siding, and there was loose coal stacked on the mouldering trolleys. I was down on my knees, scooping it into the sack, when the attack came.

If it hadn't been for the dog they'd have taken me as I knelt there. I turned when the dog squealed, still on my knees.

Rats. Dozens of them at first, then 50, 100 of them, scurrying toward us, chittering shrilly between bared yellow fangs as they came.

After that first squeal, the dog was silent. They were all over him and he was killing them as fast as he could grab them between his massive jaws, tossing them in a lifeless flight to the roof of the tunnel. He was bleeding already in half a dozen places.

I kicked out savagely, then pain bit home in my knee. I smashed the club down and kept going, the flashlight clamped in one hand. I lashed out at the rats hanging to the dog's belly. They fell, squealing.

Somehow, we had gone 20 yards. We were out of the siding. I threw the flashlight's beam back toward the entrance.

The dog was screaming, now, high in his throat. I raked his sides with my boot, trying to scrape off the rats clinging to him like leeches. They swarmed over him, leaping for the throat and the soft white belly, slashing at the hocks in a vicious attempt to hamstring him. As we gained a few yards through a new nightmare of pain, the dog faltered for the first time.

I was faltering, too. The club was getting too slippery to hold, whether from my blood or from theirs, I couldn't tell.

The very weight of numbers was what was holding them back. There were so many of them that the floor of the tunnel was an undulating carpet of fur and bared fangs.

They were eating their dead as they came, falling upon the bodies of the rats we'd killed, pausing for one terrible moment, then surging forward again.

I heard a low gurgling moan from the dog. His body was black with rats, obscenely wriggling, but the thing that remains indelibly stamped upon my memory is that gaping hole in his throat, a hole in which, half-hidden, a rat hung.

They were on him in a flash, and over him, and I saw him go down, saw him lie down, and realized what he had done, and the chance that lay open to me.

I heard bone crunch on bone as I ran, sobbing now, the flashlight beam bobbing erratically, the club flailing uselessly in my leaden hand.

But only the stragglers were close to me, trying to block me as I ran. Their fangs were sharp but I was too numb by then to feel them, and I swung the club at them as I ran.

I could see the entrance now. I ran toward it, crazed with fear. I saw the head and shoulders of a man emerge through the opening and others behind him.

I slipped, just 20 yards away. I lay there trembling with the horror of it while the rescue party waited for the ambulance and tried to stop the bleeding.

I spent six weeks in the hospital while they battled the infection in my wounds. I spent six more weeks getting over the effects of the shock I'd received. It took me as many years to wash most of the memory of it from my mind. Even now, when I think I've gotten over it all, it still comes back at times in dreams. **END**

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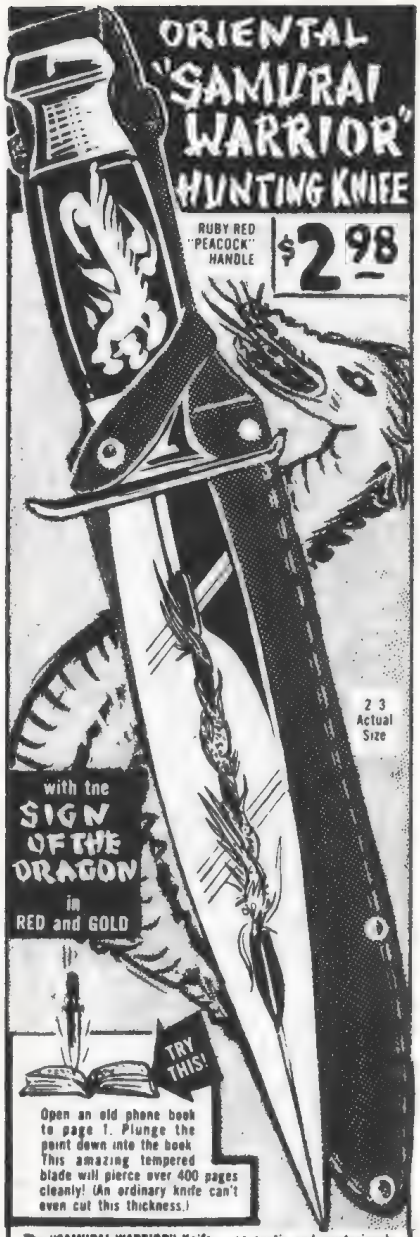
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UNCLE SAM'S JOB JACKPOT

continued from page 23

different pay plans. All together, the "special" pay plans cover about one-half of all those in federal civil service positions.

The other half of Uncle Sam's employees are paid under a law called the "Classification Act." This law sets forth a pay scale called the "GS" or "General Schedule" for most all white-collar federal employees and for custodial and protective employees. This "General Schedule" is shown below. From it you can get a general idea of the salary range available.

Breaking the "GS" down in terms of specific jobs, you'll find below a listing that'll give you a guide to your opportunities of hitting Uncle Sam's job jackpot. Remember—this is only a very incomplete list of jobs in a limited number of fields; there are many more in almost any category you can think of.

There are ample opportunities for you in government jobs. And *this* is the year to look into it. (The address of the Civil Service Commission is 8th and "F" Streets, N. W., Washington, D. C.)

GENERAL SCHEDULE (GS)

Grade (GS)	Entrance Salary	Periodic Increase	Maximum Salary	Grade (GS)	Entrance Salary	Periodic Increase	Maximum Salary
1 ..	$ 2,690	$ 85	$ 3,200	10 ..	$5,915	$135	$6,725
2 ..	2,960	85	3,470	11 ..	6,390	215	7,465
3 ..	3,175	85	3,685	12 ..	7,570	215	8,645
4 ..	3,415	85	3,925	13 ..	8,990	215	10,065
5 ..	3,670	135	4,480	14 ..	10,320	215	11,395
6 ..	4,080	135	4,890	15 ..	11,610	270	12,690
7 ..	4,525	135	5,335	16 ..	12,900	215	13,760
8 ..	4,970	135	5,780	17 ..	13,975	215	14,620
9 ..	5,440	135	6,250	18 ..	14,800		14,800

Grades 1 through 10 receive periodic increases every 52 weeks.
Grades 11 through 17 receive periodic increases every 78 weeks.
Periodic increases are received providing job performance is satisfactory.

Job Classification or Title	Total Number Employed	Average Annual Salary	Minimum Annual Salary	Maximum Annual Salary
GENERAL ADMINISTRATIVE CLERICAL & OFFICE SERVICES				
General Clerical & Admin.	473,423	$4,409	$2,690	$14,800
Messenger	4,479	3,087	2,690	4,180
Information Receptionist	618	3,589	2,960	9,290
Mail and file	32,247	3,446	2,690	10,710
Records Management	1,052	5,130	2,960	13,335
Correspondence Clerk	2,813	3,963	3,175	9,290
Stenographer	3,667	3,548	2,960	5,295
Clerk-Stenographer	47,099	3,541	2,690	5,740
Dictating Machine Transcriber	1,700	3,404	2,960	4,180
Shorthand Reporter	649	4,758	3,415	8,110
Secretary	23,083	4,030	2,690	10,710
Addressing Equip. Operating	895	3,315	2,690	6,655
Calculating Mach. Operating	1,887	3,347	2,690	5,740
Card Punch Operating	6,418	3,397	2,690	6,655
Tabulating Mach. Operating	6,937	3,508	2,690	10,710
Telephone Operating	6,499	3,501	2,690	8,110
MEDICAL, HOSPITAL, DENTAL AND PUBLIC HEALTH				
Medical Officer	6,385	9,205	2,690	14,800
Nurse	19,747	4,792	2,960	12,040
Nursing Assistant	32,953	3,209	2,690	5,740
Occupational Therapist	587	4,765	3,670	8,110
Occupational Therapy Aid	392	3,520	2,960	4,885
Physical Therapist	677	4,848	2,960	12,040
Physical Therapy Aid	523	3,536	2,960	5,295

(*Continued on page 62*)

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12 INCH LONG PLAY ALBUMS

EXCITING HI-FI SESSIONS WITH THE GREATEST NAMES IN JAZZ!

Choose your favorite music from these new hi-fi JAZZ albums!

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☐ **Dixieland Now and Then.** Examples of today's Dixieland by Jimmy McPartland, Bud Freeman and pals...yesterday's New Orleans jazz by Paul Barbarin and veteran friends.

BIG BAND SWING J1245
☐ **The Great Swing Bands.** Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey, Count Basie and others in new-fidelity recordings of great original performances.

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☐ **Lionel Hampton's All Star Group.** The great "Hamp" with invigorating support from Coleman Hawkins, Nat "King" Cole, Benny Carter and many more. **Dinah, High Society, etc.**

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☐ **Fats Waller Plays and Sings.** Informal pianistics by one of Jazzdom's greatest performers—plus some impish vocal versions of **The Sheik of Araby, Shortnin' Bread,** etc.

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☐ **Early Jazz Greats.** A collector's item! The first recording by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band plus performances by Bechet, Beiderbecke, Jelly Roll Morton, etc., in brand new sound.

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☐ **Jazz A La Mood.** Intimate music for after midnight by such soulful Jazz stars as Jack Teagarden, Coleman Hawkins, Lucky Thompson and others.

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☐ **Comparative Blues.** Top stars Buck Clayton, Sidney Bechet, Maxie Kaminsky, Jack Teagarden, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker and others...blow their own contrasting versions of the blues.

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turns an also-ran into
VIDEO VIC!
OH, PLEEZE, VIC, STOP ACTING LIKE A KID!
HEY, MARIE, HOW'S THIS?
NO MATTER WHAT I DO THEY LAUGH AT ME. WHAT DOES IT TAKE, TOM, TO MAKE A WINNER LIKE YOU?
HONEST, VIC, IT'S EASY! JUST LET JOE BONOMO AND BLACK BEAUTY TAKE YOU OVER. THEY'RE WINNING COMBINATION.
HECK, NO WONDER I DIDN'T MAKE THE GRADE BEFORE, TOM. IT TOOK THE JOE BONOMO - BLACK BEAUTY COMBINATION TO PROVE IT. BOY, WHAT TERRIFIC ROUTINES.
GREAT, BUT LET'S GET GOING. YOU'RE DUE AT THE ARENA.
THE WINNER AT THE ARENA TONITE...YOUR NEW STAR ...VIDEO VIC!
GEE WHIZ, THAT'S MY VIC!! DAD, I'M SO THRILLED!
AND THAT'S THE FELLOW I WANT FOR THAT SPECIAL JOB AT THE PLANT.

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Win Friends—Gain Popularity—Be A Success

Let Mighty JOE BONOMO Show You How

Why grope in the dark always wishing? Why let other guys run off with the best of everything? Specially when you *can* be the most popular fellow in your class. Just let mighty Joe Bonomo and Black Beauty show you how easy it is. Think of it! You may become a *Leader-Winner-Athlete* . . . "tops" in popularity.

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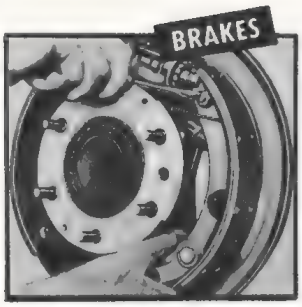
(*Continued from page 60*)

Job Classification or Title	Total Number Employed	Average Annual Salary	Minimum Annual Salary	Maximum Annual Salary
Medical Technician	2,365	4,043	2,690	6,655
Medical X-Ray Technician	1,260	3,967	2,690	6,185
Pharmacist	617	5,281	2,690	12,040
Dental Assistant	674	3,329	2,690	5,295
Dental Hygiene	845	3,461	2,960	4,885
Dental Technician	641	4,322	2,960	5,740
ENGINEERING				
General Engineering	4,467	7,984	3,670	14,620
Engineering Aid	9,346	4,100	2,690	9,290
Safety Engineering	595	7,199	4,525	13,335
Civil Engineering	5,297	6,845	3,670	14,620
Construction Engineering	3,195	7,131	3,670	13,760
Hydraulic Engineering	1,668	6,576	3,670	13,335
Cartographic Drafting	1,385	3,996	2,690	9,290
Engineering Drafting	6,495	4,474	2,690	12,040
Highway Engineering	601	6,974	3,670	13,760
Mechanical Engineering	4,969	6,804	3,670	13,335
Ordnance Engineering	1,290	7,357	3,670	14,620
Electrical Engineering	3,772	6,813	3,670	13,335
Electronic Engineering	5,320	7,128	3,670	13,760
Marine Engineering	654	6,888	3,670	14,620
Naval Architecture	1,257	6,929	3,670	13,760
Agricultural Engineering	838	5,381	3,670	12,040
Chemical Engineering	1,046	7.243	3,670	14,620
INSPECTION AND INVESTIGATION				
General Investigating	5,264	6,295	3,415	14,800
Criminal Investigating	9,290	7,410	3,670	14,800
Wage-Hour Law Enforcement	567	6,193	3,415	13,335
Coal Mine Inspection	263	7,047	5,440	10,710
Meat Grading	402	5,909	4,525	9,290
Tax Collection	6,640	5,436	3,670	13,335
Alcohol-tax Inspection	485	5,840	4,970	10,710
Food Inspection	2,331	4,313	3,175	8,110
Construction Inspection	2,857	4,990	3,175	8,110
Aircraft Inspection	1,486	5,614	3,670	12,040
Shipbuilding Inspection	803	5,738	3,670	9,290
Ammunition Inspection	718	5,170	3,415	10,710
Mechanical Inspection	776	5,264	3,175	9,290
Customs Inspection	2,557	5,499	4,525	13,335
Immigration Patrol Inspection	1,109	5,010	3,415	12,040
PERSONNEL ADMINISTRATION AND INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS				
Personnel Administration	5,979	6,449	2,960	14,800
Personnel Clerical	4,877	3,908	2,960	7,130
Position-Classification	2,118	6,132	3,175	13,335
Employe Relations	485	5,755	3,175	12,040
SOCIAL SCIENCE, PSYCHOLOGY AND WELFARE				
Social Science	368	7,947	3,670	14,800
Agricultural Economics	492	7,822	3,670	13,760
Foreign Affairs	1,073	7,341	3,670	14,800
Military Intelligence Research	1,305	7,205	3,670	13,760
History	359	6,896	3,415	13,335
Psychology	1,524	7,401	2,690	14,800
Social Work	1,625	5,408	3,670	12,040
Welfare Work	556	3,331	2,690	9,290
Recreation	1,203	4,707	3,175	10,710
FINE AND APPLIED ARTS				
Illustrating	1,695	4,862	2,690	13,335
Architecture	643	7,111	3,670	13,335
Landscape Architecture	205	7,100	4,525	13,335
Photography	2,196	4,435	2,690	13,335
Motion Picture Production	378	6,257	3,175	13,335
MISCELLANEOUS OCCUPATIONS				
Library	3,703	5,341	3,670	13,335
Library Assistant	1,285	3,667	2,690	8,110
Prison Administration	3,948	4,512	3,175	12,040
Social Insurance Administration	609	6,941	5,915	12,040
Translator	268	5,629	3,415	10,710

END



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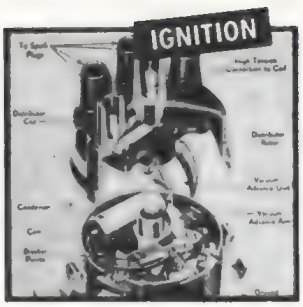

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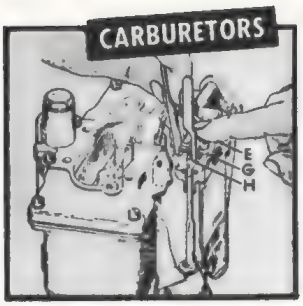

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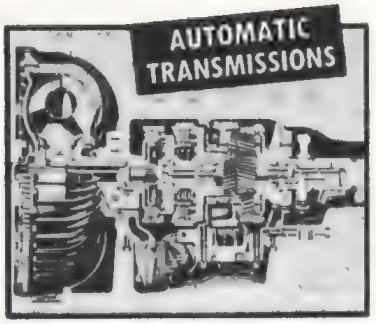

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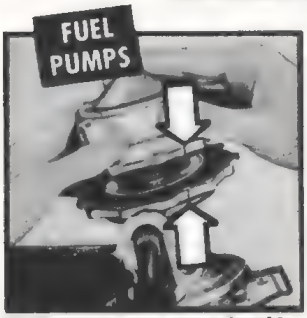

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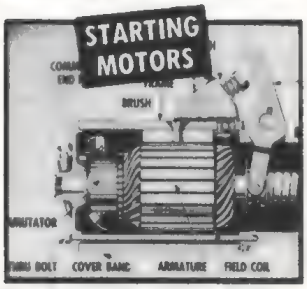

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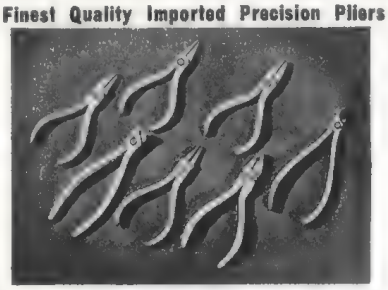

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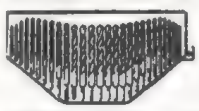

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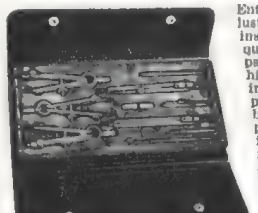

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THE MAN WHO STOLE A STATE

continued from page 27

keeper in the Shenandoah, he loved his liquor and food. Between fights or battles he would throw lavish barbecues for his fighting friends. And history records that this born leader was one of the great Indian fighters of all times—in 35 battles he had 35 victories, and lost not more than 50 men.

At the time the great unsettled Southwest frontier was lawless and untamed. Strong men made their own law and enforced it with bullets. The wild territory was a haven for rough men. Those who had found the Eastern colonies too "civilized" for their taste drifted westward. And those who had tangled with Eastern law fled over the mountains to escape prison.

THEY WERE looking for a place to settle in peace—and for free, virgin land. They didn't care how they got it. They flocked around Chucky Jack. Time and time again they chose the Virginia-born blond giant as their leader. They had seen his courage and daring demonstrated many times. They wanted the hard-muscled, reckless fighter on their side in any struggle. Against the bitter Indians being forced from their homes by the advancing settlers the buckskin warrior excelled; in a tavern brawl, his daring was contagious.

Yet this blue-eyed, left-handed frontierman, Chucky Jack, was also John Sevier. John Sevier—blooded aristocrat of high-court French ancestry, smooth-talking, wily politician, Congressman, first and four-time governor of the State of Tennessee, at ease in the richest of drawing-rooms. He was the man who refused a duel with Andrew Jackson—and who made tough "Old Hickory" like it—and the man who turned the tide for the Colonists in the Revolutionary War with his bloody victory over the English at King's Mountain in 1780.

And John Sevier was the man who "owned" the 49th state—the State of Franklin, U.S.A.

Back in the years just following the American Revolution, North Carolina claimed the territory west of her all the way to the Mississippi. Sevier—and his followers—objected to being considered "poor relations" of the North Carolina government. They were cut off from the Eastern coast by mountains, and rarely received money or aid. In 1784, North Carolina ceded the Western lands to the newly established Federal government. The Eastern politicians wanted no part of the rough little band of settlers that Chucky Jack led and thought this would solve their problem.

Congress, however, refused to accept the land. John Sevier seized the opportunity. He led his friends to a convention in 1784 and they drew up a constitution for the sovereign State of Franklin. Sevier was elected governor; they established courts and levied taxes.

The State of Franklin was declared in existence in 1785, and Sevier, always a fervent patriot, set about getting admittance to the Union. Congress, struggling to organize the country after the bitter war with the British, ignored Sevier's demands.

In 1787, while Sevier was on the frontier of his new state, defending it from new Indian raids, the legal forces of North Carolina swooped down on his estate and carried off his removable property. Seeing that the State of Franklin was becoming a menace to its power, North Carolina had decided to rescind its decision to cede the lands. Nolichucky Jack returned from his Indian battles in a rage—*he* was governor in the state of Franklin. Next North Carolina issued a warrant for Sevier's arrest for "treason"—Sevier's army of loyal comrades resisted his arrest and, in March, 1788, the State of Franklin went out of existence. Sevier was finally overthrown by the North Carolina authorities.

THIS DID not stop Chucky Jack for a moment. His band of followers rallied behind him and elected him to the North Carolina Senate. When, in 1796, the State of Tennessee was formed from Sevier's lands, he was promptly elected governor. Despite a bitter feud with the young Andrew Jackson, himself a growing political power, Sevier was re-elected three times.

Andrew Jackson, later to become the seventh president of the U.S., was an aristocratic young lawyer. Jackson tried to block Sevier's fourth term as governor by circulating scandal against the lank frontiersman, but Chucky Jack's popularity with his old followers carried him into office again. Against Sevier, Jackson's word did no good.

Not long after, Sevier met Jackson in Knoxville. Seeing him, Sevier flew into a rage—and a bitter fight started in the street. Friends dragged them apart, and the next day Jackson sent Sevier a challenge to duel. Sevier accepted, but insisted that, since he was governor, the duel should take place outside of the State of Tennessee. Jackson wanted to fight in

Knoxville, where the alleged insult had been given.

Again they met by chance. Jackson threatened Sevier with his cane and Sevier drew his pistol. But for, again, the intervention of friends who knew Chucky Jack's wild temper and his ability with a pistol, the name Jackson would never have graced the rolls of U.S. as seventh president.

PERHAPS the most fabulously successful battle of John Sevier's fantastic career was at King's Mountain. In 1780, the fortunes of the American Revolutionists were at a low ebb. The British had forged ahead in the Western lands. The leader of their forces there was Major Pat Ferguson, "the best shot in the British Army." Ferguson led a band of Tories, including some of the roughest bandits of the Western lands. He was a night marauder, and pulled people out of bed to fight or die—most often to die. Pat Ferguson's handsome Irish face could not make up for the fact that his savage deeds struck terror in the hearts of the normally fearless settlers.

On the sixth of October Sevier and an army of loyal frontiersmen cornered Ferguson and his troops in the southern end of a mountain range in South Carolina. Sevier, this time, was not in command, but most of the men were his, and it was he who organized the battle plan.

King's Mountain gave Ferguson a natural advantage—it was a bald rock outcropping about 60 feet high protected on all sides by dense woods. At three o'clock in the afternoon Sevier and his men reached the base of the hill. Surrounding it on all sides, they attacked. Two horses were shot out from under Ferguson, but he rallied his troops on a third. Nolichucky Jack led the fight, and his "yelling devils" finally reached the summit. Ferguson fought on and was finally killed. Thanks to Sevier's brave efforts the British troops were decimated. Although the battle had lasted less than an hour it was a decisive victory for the American Revolutionists. King's Mountain broke the Tory spirit—and Ferguson's death was a hard blow. Shortly thereafter Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown—King's Mountain had been the turning point—and the United States was born.

YET TODAY the name of Chucky Jack—or John Sevier—is almost forgotten in America, with the possible exception of Tennessee. There's a town in Tennessee called Sevierville, and there's a county named after him. They have a holiday on which they celebrate some of his exploits. There's a monument to his memory in Knoxville, and thousands pass it every day without looking twice.

But the history books have forgotten him. The legends have gone to rather tamer frontier heroes such as Davy Crockett—and when did Davy ever "own" a state in the U.S.A.? The laughing Indian fighter, the brawling tavern drinker, the hard-riding revolutionist who carved out the 49th state and bossed it with a tough hand—the most fabulous character in early American history and the exploits he engaged in to make his fame are forgotten. **END**

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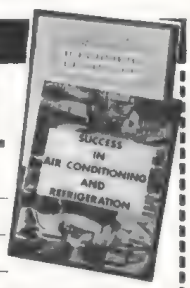

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"COME SLEEP WITH ME"

continued from page 37

After he had hung up Kendall sat down in a straight chair and absently contemplated the unmade bed. Then he reached down to the lower shelf of the bedside table and brought up the Manhattan telephone directory.

There was no Quick & Speedy Service.

He closed the book and held it in his lap.

So the smoky wisp hadn't been blown away. The little puzzle just led to the bigger one.

Apparently someone was trying to get a look at a complete manuscript of *Genesis of Treason*. Now, why would anyone go to that trouble? The story was running serially in the *Weekly Courier*, and the publication date had been pushed forward so that the first installment was already on the newsstands. In less than six weeks the whole article would be available to anyone who had a little patience and a little over a dollar in cash.

It would be nice to think that his style was irresistible—Kendall grimaced wryly—but it wasn't a very convincing or likely assumption, for *some* reason *someone* didn't want to wait.

IN A WAY, Kendall thought, it was as if Hollister wasn't quite dead. The enigma of him was still alive, the questions that surrounded him hadn't been killed off. The would-be thief who was trying to get the manuscript was not very different from the public as a whole. They, too, were still asking questions. They apparently didn't consider Hollister's suicide a confession of guilt. On the contrary, they seemed to feel that it had been motivated by the despair of innocence, that the boy had been hounded to death. The American public never has liked courts-martial, he thought; it goes against everything they're brought up to believe.

And this one in particular had been so closed-door, so hush-hush, so big-brass.

Hollister's photographs hadn't done anything to quell the public's uneasiness in the face of a possible miscarriage of justice. The big brass hadn't been able to stop the press from running old shots of Hollister—Hollister laughing into the sun; Hollister looking determined in a football helmet; Hollister, young, pensive, manly, in a studio graduation pose. The traditional picture of the American Boy—handsome but not pretty, stalwart but not beefy, good but not goody-goody.

The public had questions, and they weren't going to be happy until they were answered. Now, having been whipped up by some dignified advance publicity on the part of the *Courier's* promotion department, they were looking forward to Kendall's series in the hope that it would provide the answers.

But Kendall had questions, too, and it looked as if he would not be permitted to forget them.

HE TRIED, in the flat voice, to show no sign of confusion, of unanswered questions. He told Gregory and Windham about the events in as few words as possible: a messenger had come, purporting to be from the magazine, asking for a carbon. Then someone had telephoned, said they were from his publishers. He had checked back. No such messenger service, no such person at the publishing house.

"I see." Gregory remained pleasant and bland, but traces of dissatisfaction showed on his youthful face. "And that's all?"

"That's all—until I returned home last night and found this." He waved a hand at the tangled and dismembered mass of furniture.

Windham's jaw was very prominent. "Returned from where?"

There was a small silence. Kendall had spent over three and a half years in the Army, where he had acquired the rank of buck sergeant. He had also acquired the standard GI reaction to officers.

He said very slowly, with careful impersonality. "I think you are confused, Major. The military is not running this country. You are far off base if you think I have to account to you for my movements."

He watched with a pleasant feeling of emancipation as Windham's pouter-pigeon front quivered in the face of an insubordination he could do nothing to quell.

Gregory seemed to have a ready supply of oil for troubled waters. "You misunderstand, Mr. Kendall. Major Windham is upset by these events, seriously upset. Perhaps the fact you saw Miss Wentwirth last night has simply slipped your mind?"

Kendall's head jerked in Gregory's direction. His sense of outrage was almost obscured by his astonishment. "Have you been *following* me?" he demanded.

Gregory said, "No, no—" And Windham said, "We have kept careful track of the Wentwirth girl."

"Oh," Kendall absorbed the idea slowly. They had been following the Wentwirth girl all those weeks. And so of course they knew that he had seen her.

Windham said, "It's difficult to explain our interest without encroaching—without stepping into areas you consider your personal business. We are inclined to think the girl is very, very slick. The first of your series in the *Courier* would lead one to believe that you felt the same way. We just wouldn't want you, uh, to be taken in—"

Taken in . .

After his discovery that there was no Quick & Speedy Service in the telephone book, Kendall had sat on the straight chair in his bedroom, thought of Hollister, thought of the pictures of him in the papers, thought of the girl.

The mercurial Hollister had made him feel unusually heavy and slow. Had he been slow? Had Hollister taken him in? The girl—

The memory of the girl, he realized, was at the very heart of his gnawing indecision, of his inability to consider the story finished and dismiss it, of his bad temper, and of his desire to flee the city, the country, the continent.

SOMEBODY had lied. Hollister—or the girl. All logic said it was the girl, but Kendall had never been satisfied with that logic.

He opened the heavy telephone directory that still lay on his knees and looked up Wentwirth, Marta. Then he dialed the number.

He said, "Miss Wentwirth?"

"Yes."

"This is Bob Kendall."

There was silence at the other end.

"Perhaps you don't remember me," he added diffidently. "I came to see you a couple of months ago—"

"Mr. Kendall, you certainly can't think I've forgotten you. Or your name. The *Courier* is lying in front of me right this minute. Your name—in red—is on the cover. *My* name is plastered all over the inside. You call me a liar—"

"No, Miss Wentwirth. Please—just a minute. Please—let me speak to you."

"All right. You call me a traitor—"

"No, I— May I buy you a drink?"

"What?"

He went doggedly on, knowing the effort wasted: "There is an explanation. There may even be a way to—to extricate you. Let me come around and talk to you."

She said, and she sounded very tired, "All right."

"Good. Then I'll come right over. Okay?"

"Yes." She hung up.

He got his overcoat out of the closet and walked down his hall. As he took his hat off the table, he looked back at the hall. Not very neat, no. But—pleasant. He liked the thought of "home." The concept. Another thought came, unrelated, unbidden: Basically, women are not inclined to truth.

The thought shocked him. He usually kept his prejudices buried.

They sat silent at a corner table in the quiet little bar.

As he sat in the warm, dim room he didn't know where to start, or even why he was trying. He felt confused and, ridiculously, lonesome.

She wasn't helping. As she sat looking down into her drink, which she hadn't touched, her face was entirely remote. She was, he thought with surprise, immensely attractive, almost beautiful.

"Suppose I try to tell you how it happened?" He paused. It was the wrong start, he thought. "*Genesis of Treason* is going to make a lot of money for me, I guess, and a reputation, too. But it's not my story; it's his. Even the title is his."

Kendall had been surprised by the guards, the bars. He had had a vague idea that military prisons were different in some way.

Hollister was smiling as they clanged the door behind Kendall, and, as always, his smile trembled near the edge of laughter.

He said, "You're Kendall, and you're a reporter on the *Courier*, and how in the hell did you ever manage to get through my personal Gestapo?"

Kendall said slowly, "I'm not on the *Courier*; I'm a free-lance assigned by them."

"So it's a difference in prepositions. You're a purist. And honest. And maybe not so bright. I guess that's why they let you through.

"Well," Hollister asked arrogantly but not unpleasantly, "what do you see?"

KENDALL sat down on a stool in the corner beside the door and looked up at him, surprised by the vitality of the man, by his youth, by his arrogance—wondering just what he was seeing, weighing his impression and his answer.

But Hollister was not a man who waited. "Whatever you *think* you see," he added, "there's one thing about me you don't know: no other civilian has *really* seen me, no other civilian has *really* known me.

"Now, why are you here? Well, it would seem that you are going to attempt to describe me to the public." He paused

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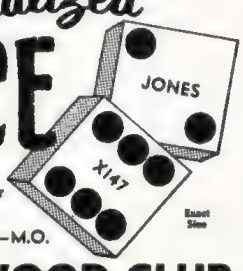

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and raised a humorous eyebrow at Kendall.

"Now that presumes great insight on your part. Do you have great insight?"

Kendall shook his head.

Hollister regarded Kendall levelly and said, "Well, what *is* your qualification? What is it *you* can see or interpret that will make a story worth reading? It seems to me your article is doomed."

Kendall went along. He said, "I wouldn't entirely agree, but I do see what you mean. From your point of view."

THE ANSWER obviously didn't please Hollister. He became didactic: "You cannot see my point of view; you never will. And you *don't* see what I mean. Now, look: You are here because the military got scared. The American public is pretty damned foolish—like nothing in the world quite so much as a bunch of cows. But a bunch of cows on the rampage is a frightening thing. Too bad the Americans don't know how to move together more often. Because of that inability the King of Babylon shall certainly come and destroy this land, and shall cause to cease from thence man and beast."

My God, Kendall thought, he's not a little off; he's completely crazy. He's—

Hollister said, "I'm not crazy, you know. That's a quote from the Bible. And I'm not a religious fanatic. But they've supplied me with a Bible, and I've got plenty of time to read." He waved toward a table beside the narrow, built-in bunk.

Then he stood quietly, holding Kendall's gaze, and said slowly. "I'll make a bargain with you. I'll give you a story, a series of stories, that will make good reading. You will call the story, article, book—whatever you write—'Genesis of Treason,' and you will report faithfully most of what I say."

He stopped and waited. Kendall said nothing. After a minute, Hollister asked sharply, "Agreed?"

Kendall said slowly, "To a degree. I am here for the express purpose of reporting what you say, so that part is easy. I must, of course, put some interpretations on it. You understand that, Lieutenant Hollister?"

Hollister walked across the room. When he turned and faced Kendall he was smiling again. "I've been demoted, you know." He laughed. "Call me Buddy; everybody does. Of course I understand I think that's just swell.

"We'll start by my telling you about a woman. We can't say she is responsible for my downfall, because we are not saying I've had a downfall. Let's just say that the gods, to avenge themselves, sometimes grant us our desires. She was my desire, and the gods are avenged. Her name is Marta Wentwirth. Her heart is a great big red brick. She's distant and aloof and inexpressive, and I've loved her for years. It was when I was leaving her apartment that I was picked up. Something of myself died there with her. I doubted that she knew it."

Kendall made interlocking rings on the table with the damp bottom of his glass. After a long pause, he looked up at Marta Wentwirth and said, "The rest was substantially what you read in the first installment in the *Courier*. It was all about you, and his mixed feelings toward you. He never said you were implicated in his case or his conviction—"

"But he implied it." The words were rapid, but her voice was held carefully low. "Or, at least, *you* implied it. More likely you made the whole thing up."

KENDALL leaned back against the padded divan and said evenly. "Now, why would I do that?"

"I don't know. Maybe because it makes a good story. As far as I can be dispassionate about it, I'll admit it does make a good story. In fact, since it was pure fiction to me, I thought it quite interesting."

He said, "The *Courier*—"

She brushed her still full glass to the side with an abrupt gesture. "Now, look, Mr. Kendall, I don't like being here. I agreed to see you only because you offered me—something. You said there was an explanation of your behavior."

"Yes, I have an explanation. Look: I was assigned to do a character piece, a mood piece, on Hollister, I wasn't required to *check up* on what Hollister said because I wasn't making a report of the kind of facts that needed checking. I

"According to the paper we're gonna have a rough winter."

wasn't a reporter in the crusading sense; I was a reporter in the character sense. Do you see?"

"Yes," she said bitterly, "Buddy Hollister was right. He implied that you considered yourself loaded with insight, and he laughed at you and shamed you into denying it. But you did consider yourself qualified to sit in judgment on me, without even telling me I was being judged."

"No, no," he said defensively and earnestly. "I arrived at my conclusion purely by logic. He merely said he had known you well. If he were lying, he would have nothing to gain by the lie. I thought"—Kendall's words came more slowly— "his motive was vindictiveness, a desire to cause you trouble, to see to it that you didn't get off scot-free. But that, in itself, was substantiation of his story. Who is vindictive to an utter stranger?"

"Apparently you are, Mr. Kendall."

HE TRIED not to feel the lash; he went on as if he hadn't heard. "But when I came to you, what did you say? That you and Hollister *were* utter strangers. That you had met Hollister at a cocktail party; you had agreed to go to dinner with him that evening of September first; he had arrived at your apartment at six; the two of you had left the apartment at twenty minutes after six; and the authorities had met you in the doorway and had arrested Hollister. In other words, you claimed that you had spent a total of about two hours in all with Hollister."

She said, and her voice was in a lower register, "All right, Mr. Kendall. It makes some sense. But it doesn't help me one bit, and it doesn't whitewash you, in my eyes. You still accused me in public print of—undefined crimes—without giving me a chance to defend myself. But—" Her head came up—"why come to me now? Not belated conscience, is it?"

"No. Not very good sense, either. It's just that I'm no longer sure. Not about you, specifically, but about any part of it. When I got finished with that article I was—satisfied. I had painted a picture of a man."

Kendall paused, and then added tonelessly, "And then he killed himself.

"That was absolutely contrary to my version of Hollister's character. The Hollister I knew—and reported to several million people—had to have a great reason for killing himself, a shining cause. Communism. Any ism. But *not* despair. Never anything so negative as despair. It was—just impossible.

"That fact has been burning painfully in my mind. And then today something else happened that also seems inexplicable. A phony messenger, purporting to be from the *Courier*, showed up at my apartment for a copy of *Genesis of Treason*. Then someone called—equally phony—and tried to pry a copy out of me. Either dodge would have worked if I had had a copy.

"What does anyone want with it? And what's their hurry?"

"Your art?" she murmured. There was humor but no sarcasm in her voice.

"A delightful idea, but I'm afraid I can't go along with it."

"And what good— What do you think

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I could supply toward a solution? Good heavens, did you think I'd confess to being mastermind of a spy ring, and solve it all for you?"

"No. Well, of course not. But—" What had he hoped? "Perhaps something a little like that," he mumbled, feeling foolish.

The quick glance from under her eyelashes was entirely ironical. "Look—you have a problem. I accept it. I am sorry for it. Even though I didn't create it. On the other hand, I have a problem. You *did* create it. Have you tried for a second to understand it, its implications, to put yourself in my position? My job? My friends? Have you thought of my parents—in a small upstate town? The *Courier* has excellent circulation up there. Have you any conception of how—" She stopped, as if overwhelmed by the re-estimate of her situation, by the hopelessness of the recital.

He had a sudden, pounding headache. This was pointless. What good could he do her or she, him? What good did it do for him to feel defensive, badgered, when the situation hadn't really changed? His logic was still good, and if her personality got through to him—well, wasn't that the way Hollister had felt about her?

At ten-thirty, as he entered the crotchety little elevator in his building, he realized that he had had a pleasant evening.

They had gone to a small Italian restaurant a few blocks from the bar, and had had some very bad wine with their dinner. They had been rather speechless for the first half-hour, but it hadn't been an uncomfortable silence. And eventually they had talked a good deal.

Yes, he had enjoyed the evening—and that was surprising. Kendall did not normally enjoy cocktails and dinner with young women.

HE HAD a bitter taste in his mouth as he put his key into the lock. Hollister had obviously taken him in—given him an entirely misleading view of his personality; had Marta Wentwirth managed it too?

When he switched on the lights and the insane turmoil arose to greet him, he experienced very little surprise. He should have known it; he should certainly have foreseen it.

As he wandered through the ransacked, chaotic apartment, his prime emotion was annoyance with his own stupidity. Someone had wanted a script; they had made two tries at getting it; the next step had been clearly indicated if he had simply thought it through.

It was quite clearly not a matter of robbery, and he hadn't thought it was. Still, you couldn't ignore it. You had to do something.

He called the police.

Sergeant Vincent, a tall, gaunt, dissatisfied-looking young man, arrived in about twenty minutes. He had two men with him, one in civilian clothes, the other a uniformed patrolman.

They wandered through the apartment, Vincent looking annoyed.

His questions combined insult with contempt. Nothing was missing? (Implied corollary: nothing was worth stealing.) Search for a manuscript? (Implied corollary: how conceited can you get?)

But as he left, after fifteen minutes of the futile, desultory questioning, he paused in the doorway and said contemplatively, "A manuscript? Robert Kendall? Oh, yes."

Kendall thought sardonically that his first touch of fame, the first recognition of his name as belonging to a remotely public figure, had been played to the lowest. Vincent recognized it—yes; but he made it clear that he was not impressed.

ON THAT note of self-deprecating amusement, he had gone to bed.

He said to Major Windham, "There was no question of my being 'taken in' by Miss Wentwirth. What's more important, there would have been no danger if I *had* been taken in—whatever you mean by that. The articles are written; the series has started to run. I couldn't do much changing if I wanted to."

Windham was leaning forward, his arms on his knees.

He said, "Mr. Kendall, would you mind telling us why you saw Miss Wentwirth?"

Kendall had no desire to stumble through the explanation he had tried to make to Marta Wentwirth— He said shortly, "I thought Marta Wentwirth might clear things up for me. Hollister's suicide had made me unsure of my picture of him, of the portrait I had drawn."

Gregory said, "That's very astute of you to recognize that suicide was out of character. Hollister had to have a strong motive and since the only apparent result of his action was to speed things up, that must have been his motive. Very clever of him, too."

Kendall stared at Gregory. Then he said flatly, "I don't get it. Speed what up? What motive?"

"I'm surprised you haven't figured that out. The *Courier* scheduled your first installment for February fifteenth. But it's not yet February and the first installment has already appeared. Why?"

"Why, because of—" Kendall's voice slowed—"because of Hollister's suicide." He broke off as awareness overcame him.

Windham thrust his chin forward. "Exactly. That's exactly the point. Hollister asked his guards repeatedly when the articles would start running. No one gave the question a second thought. It sounded like the normal interest of an abnormal ego. But the day after someone gave him the February date, he managed the difficult job of hanging himself. A very strong character, Francis Hollister, and a very determined one."

"Sure." Kendall said. "But the difference is a matter of only three weeks. So there must be something—"

"In the articles," Gregory nodded.

Gregory stopped, seemed to consider, and then stretched his long legs comfortably out in front of him.

He said, "Major Windham and I decided, before we came over this morning, that you may be able to help us. However, we think it's vital that you trust us first, and to do that you will have to believe—unquestioningly—in the guilt of Francis Hollister. So we got permission to tell you what he did.

"Hollister, we realize now," Gregory

said, "was a sleeper—a member of the Communist Party whose whole life was dedicated to the one big moment. We've met them before, but we've never had so clear-cut a case as Hollister's.

"He lived, until he was eighteen, with his widowed mother in comfortable circumstances—Hollister's father died when he was ten, and left an adequate annuity. Hollister had no brothers or sisters. V-J Day fell around his eighteenth birthday, so he didn't get into that war. And then he missed the Korean War because, at eighteen, he went to West Point. He was appointed in the regular way, and he graduated in the regular way.

"Nothing very odd about that story, is there?" Gregory looked inquiringly at Kendall, who obediently shook his head.

"Well, there is. Nobody, but *nobody*, was ever as normal as Mr. Francis Burton Hollister. Everybody gets involved in something—a hobby, a club, a neighborhood gang, but not Hollister. He did go in for sports, but that was all. He never shone.

"Up until he was perhaps sixteen, his normality must have been a coincidence. Perhaps he was solicited for just the reason that it existed. By the time he was seventeen his grades had dropped until he was about a third of the way from the top. In everything. Note that: in *everything*. Who consistently draws down the same marks in every subject?

"When he got into West Point they must have chosen his direction. He became almost imperceptibly better—not expert, but better than average—at those subjects that would lead him into the cryptographic section of G 2. When, at graduation, he showed his preference for that post, his admission was inevitable. He seemed to be just the kind of young man they look for. He got the job. And he worked there for almost four years.

"There was never a whisper about him, and later investigation disclosed the cleanest of records.

BUT the big moment came, and with lightning speed he saw it, estimated its value, and took it. I guess the best way to get it across to you is to kind of set the scene. Did you know Brigadier General Myerson?"

"Orwell Myerson." Kendall nodded. "Knew *of* him. He died, didn't he, a few months ago?"

"Yes—he did. Well, he was the head of the whole works—the main secret-holder of the Army.

"In his office, the main office of which held Hollister from nine to five, five and a half days a week, was a safe, and in the safe, coded to the hilt, were many of our biggest secrets.

"The safe was closed that afternoon, as usual, the office was neat, the general was at his desk, working. Before him was a single slip of paper, and on it was an incomprehensible set of diagrams that comprised an intricate code. No human being could read that code at sight, although the general came closest.

"On that afternoon he had decoded the message before him into a mere couple of dozen words, and those words were lying in front of him in his own neat handwriting. Then he sent for Hollister.

"Why?" Gregory seemed to ask himself the question. "Anyway, to make it even more annoyingly incomprehensible, Hollister, by rank and age, was not a person the general normally dealt with. Hollister probably hadn't been in that office twice in four years.—So there's the scene."

After a minute, Kendall said, "Yes. Well, what happened then?"

It was Windham who answered him. "Then the general dropped dead."

"Oh." It suddenly came through to Kendall as a vivid scene.

He asked, "How long was Hollister in the office?"

Gregory smiled. "That was the first question asked in that hectic moment. He came rushing out of the office looking terribly agitated, shouting, 'The General! The General!'

"In less than five minutes the—uh—security officer had taken over. Everything seemed to be all right. The security officer—Windham, you had better explain the rest."

"Yes," Windham said, "because I was the security officer.

"When I first entered the general's office I thought everything was all right. The safe was closed—and even if you know exactly how to open it, it takes six minutes—the desk was clear, too, except for the two pieces of paper Gregory has described to you. It didn't require very much thought to grasp the message, and it took only a second to realize that if that message leaked . . ."

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Windham shook his head very slowly.

"So I went into high gear. The secretary said that no one had gone around the desk while he was in there, and that he himself had not looked at the message.

"I sent for Hollister, a young man whom I knew slightly and thought very pleasant. He said he had not read the message either.

"I accepted Hollister's story—I admit now that I accepted it without reservation, just as I did the secretary's—and I dismissed him. But I took the last precaution. I fingerprinted the two papers. The coded piece was plastered with prints—the general's, two sets presumably belonging to the authors of the message and, in the upper right-hand corner, a single forefinger-pad mark. It was Hollister's.

"When I sent for him I was told he had gone. It was a half hour before closing time. He had never been known to leave before the official day was over. That frightened me.

"Then I had a piece of luck. Thank God. The man at the desk next to Hollister's had heard him make an appointment for dinner with a girl named Marta. This man had been at a cocktail party with Hollister a couple of days before and there had been a girl there named Marta Wentwirth.

"Well, there was no certainty Hollister would keep that appointment, but—especially if he was guilty—it was a sound probability.

SO I called Gregory's office, he was assigned to help me, and we descended in force on Marta Wentwirth's neighborhood.

"Hollister got there about a quarter to six, and he stood in the doorway for almost fifteen minutes. He paced. He looked up and down the street. He was, it seems clear, waiting for his contact, but the contact never showed."

Windham said bitterly, "We had scared him away, of course. That must be the explanation. When we first arrived we rushed around like ants on an ant hill. The contact couldn't miss us, I suppose, so he kept right on going, simply walked through us.

"We picked him up when he came out, less than half an hour later, and we took Miss Wentwirth, too. We were sure, at that point, that he had already transmitted the information. But in a very short time we changed our minds.

"Because Hollister, too, made a mistake. He was so absorbed in accomplishing his purpose he didn't realize that in that very determination he was defeating it. All he was interested in was some contact with the outside world. He didn't protest his innocence very much—he didn't really care. He just wanted contact. Hollister had no contact with the outside world until you visited him."

Kendall looked blankly at Windham's pompous face. "Have you ever wondered why you got the job of interviewing Hollister?"

KENDALL smiled. "That's not very flattering of you, but frankly, I wondered very much. I am not in the top bracket of free-lance reporters. In fact, if I were editor of the *Courier* I'd have picked a dozen other men before me."

Windham said, "Eighteen."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Mr. Cressman, of the *Courier*, picked eighteen men before he came up with your name.

"We insisted on passing first the author, and then the story. And we rejected the first eighteen names Cressman submitted."

"Good heaven!" Kendall stared at him.

Windham said hastily, "Oh, they were probably all right—probably all loyal Americans, but in each case we dug up something, *something*. And we weren't going to take the most infinitesimal chance."

"Good heaven," Kendall repeated in an awed whisper. Then he started to laugh.

Gregory said quietly, "If I may be permitted to invade *your* field for a moment—may I say that I thought it a magnificent piece?"

"Okay, thanks for telling me. But—where are we? Hollister was guilty. No civilian except me contacted him. You are willing to absolve me. My house has been raided. Where do we stand?"

Windham said pontifically, "It's obvious. There is something in your series of articles that will tip the—uh—informa-

tion. We have thought of trying to stop publication, but the *Courier* is very powerful, and they would fight it. Anyway, the second issue is already spread all over the country, ready for sale.

"The simpler, more feasible method is to find the message and delete it. We've read it and reread it. We can't find anything."

"And you think I can?"

"We hope you can. You see, Mr. Kendall, there's a time limit—that's why Hollister precipitated matters by committing suicide. Presumably Hollister's heirs don't know the date, but the conclusions of haste to be drawn from Hollister's suicide must be even clearer to them than it is to us."

"So what it comes down to is that you want me to see what I can uncover."

"That, Mr. Kendall, is it in a nutshell. Meanwhile we'll watch Miss Wentwirth carefully— We feel about her somewhat the way you do."

"The way *I* do?" . .

Gregory said dryly, "I read your piece, Mr. Kendall."

"Ah—yes."

Windham said, "Gregory?"

And Gregory said, "Yes, Major, you're right. There's really nothing more to say."

Gregory gave him a telephone number, and Kendall wrote it down. "But," Gregory added, "we'll be in touch with you."

When the door had closed behind them, Kendall looked at the clock at the end of the hall. It was ten-thirty. They had been in his apartment for slightly over an hour and a quarter.

It seemed like a lifetime.

Three hours had passed before Kendall permitted himself to realize that he was stalling. He had taken an unusually lengthy shower. Then he had tackled the straightening of the apartment.

It took him only a minute of self-examination to decide that he was occupying himself to avoid thought, and that the thought he was trying to escape was a wish to call Marta Wentwirth.

He fried some bacon and eggs.

As he sat now in his little kitchen he realized again how much the story was Hollister's doing. Kendall deserved credit, and he didn't underestimate it. He had taken Hollister's words, and Hollister's quotes, and he had put them together with far greater strategy than had Hollister himself.

And still—*Genesis* was largely the words of Francis Burton Hollister. And his quotes. Of the nineteen quotations he remembered, ten were Biblical.

And Hollister had named the article—*Genesis of Treason.*

Suddenly an echo of Hollister's words came back to him. He had said something about starting his reminiscences with a story about a woman. . . ."The gods, to avenge themselves, sometimes grant us our desires. She was my desire, and the gods are avenged." And then he had said he was leaving her apartment when he was picked up, and had added a phrase, a vague, romantic phrase—or it had sounded romantic . . .

". . . *Something of myself died there with her . . .*"

"Ah!" Kendall opened his eyes.

And then he had an unarguable reason for calling Marta.

He said, "Miss Wentwirth?" The quality of formality was as clearly present in his voice as in the words.

"Yes. Is this—" She paused. Then she changed the phrasing: "Who is this?"

He said, as if she might not be able to identify the name, "Bob Kendall—?"

"Oh, yes—" She stopped, and then, avoiding any use of a name, "How are you?"

"Fine, thanks." He said abruptly, "Are you free for dinner?"

If he had been inviting her to witness a hanging, he could not have been more abrupt or his tone less warm.

WHEN she said, "Yes. Thank you" in a voice as frigid as his, he found that his right hand was tightly clenched. He opened the hand and looked at the palm as he said, "It's almost three o'clock—"

"Not before six."

"I'll see you at six, then."

They didn't say good-bye.

When Kendall pushed the bell beside Marta's name, a returning buzz released the latch on the front door. He opened it and walked through the dim little lobby to the self-service elevator.

When she admitted him he found her in the process of mixing cocktails she was doing the best she could to insert herself into the minute kitchenette.

He said, "Can I help?"

She laughed. She said, "Nice of you, but as matters stand I won't be able to

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get in here myself if I gain a pound."

He examined her hundred and ten pounds, wrapped in some kind of soft green silk, and commented that he thought that was an exaggeration.

In the living room he sat in a comfortable chair opposite her bookshelves.

Then, at his elbow, she said, "Here you are," and he leapt into mid-air in slapstick style.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle you."

AS HE looked down at her with an embarrassed smile, it seemed to him that her eyes were darker, her small features more rigid. My guilty conscience, he thought. He said, "Nice books."

"Really?" she said.

Kendall, his eyes again glued to the book spines, said, "Uh-huh." He pivoted slowly until he was facing her. She was sitting rigidly, her hands folded in her lap. She didn't look away, and now her eyes were definitely black.

"Why don't you simply ask me where I keep my Bible, Mr. Kendall?"

"Where *do* you keep your Bible, Miss Wentwirth?"

She said frigidly, "Upstate. It was my great-grandmother's, and it's much to fragile to be carted from apartment to apartment. Satisfied?"

"No. Shall we go to dinner?"

When she finally said, "Yes. I'll get my coat," he instinctively followed the pattern and looked down at his hand. This time, as the blood flowed back, his nail marks showed white on the red palm.

She reappeared in a coat of a soft-green color that was darker than but the exact tone of the dress.

He had a great wish to give her something, to offer something. He said, "I wanted to know about the Bible because—" And at exactly that moment she said, "I knew you were looking for a Bible because—"

They didn't laugh, but they smiled. "Go on," he said.

"Well, this afternoon just before you telephoned, a Mr. Gregory of the FBI came to see me. He asked me if I had a Bible, and when I said no he came in here and looked, as if he thought I might be lying."

He said gently, "It was because they thought, as I thought, that Buddy Hollister might have secreted a message in your Bible."

"And you came to make sure?"

"To make sure—? Oh, I see what you must think. No, no. They didn't tell me what they thought, and I didn't know until you told me just now that they were here. We came to the supposition independently, but it's pretty easy for me to figure that out now, don't you see?"

She nodded, and the line beside her mouth disappeared.

The next morning Kendall had dressed and made a few phone calls, and was just sitting down to get in an hour's work before lunch on the puzzle of Hollister when the phone rang.

It was Gregory, and all the boyishness had gone from his voice. He said brittlely. "Kendall, can you come down here?"

"Come down where?"

"Oh. Sorry. I'm at the *Courier* office."

"The *Courier* office? What—?

"I want you." Gregory paused, and then added, "I would appreciate it very much. This is—quite important."

"Well, of course then. It'll take me fifteen minutes."

"I'll meet you in the ninth-floor reception room." He disconnected.

Kendall stared at the receiver, and then shrugged.

The ninth-floor reception room was a newly familiar area for Kendall. Most of the editorial offices were on that floor.

Mayer, the associate editor in charge of nonfiction, was Kendall's contact on the magazine. Kendall went through the inner door and to his right.

Gregory was alone in the paneled room, sitting behind a large clean desk.

He said, "Kendall. Glad you came so quickly." Then he lapsed back into his abstraction. It was strangely out of character.

Kendall said, "Glad if I can help. What is it?"

"It's a new move. While it was by no means unpredictable, there is a peculiar angle. They—" He stood up. "Come along. I'll show you."

He strode out into the hall and turned left, and Kendall followed. Gregory took a sharp turn. Kendall following on his heels.

DIRECTLY ahead five young women were working with determination and understandable grimness. Around them, heaped on the floors, tumbling out of the large drawers, unclipped, unstapled, torn, twisted, and flung as if by a tornado, was more paper than Kendall ever seen in one place.

Kendall said, "Good God Almighty!"

Gregory nodded. "Destructive people."

"How did they get in?" It wasn't an important point, Kendall thought; it was merely the first that occurred to him.

"Nothing very difficult about that. Magazines do not expect to be burglarized—what's the burglar to swipe? The ashtrays? It isn't really important how they got in. I'll have the place patroled in the future. It won't happen again."

"Isn't that precaution a little late?"

"Why, no. They didn't get what they were after, and God knows they're persistent. It's extremely likely that they'll try again."

Kendall shrugged. "Deduction is not my business," he said.

"The FBI is thorough, but it isn't foolish. Give us—oh, a laundry mark, for instance. We may have to check every laundry in the country, but that mark came from somewhere and our chances of reward are good. So we'll expend any amount of energy. But in this case—"

He paused. "You know," he added musingly, "the element of luck never fails to astonish me. My estimate that it would take many trained men many days is a perfectly legitimate one, and yet I've only been here a couple of hours, and I've already come up with something odd.

"That's why I asked you to come down here." He abruptly picked up the phone and said, "Mr. Mayer's secretary, please . . . Miss Ackerman, this is Gregory again. Will you give me another minute of your time in Mr. Mayer's office?"

The door opened and a pleasant-looking woman entered.

Gregory stood up. "Ah, Miss Ackerman. This is Mr. Kendall. Sorry to disturb you again, but will you sit down here—and tell Mr. Kendall about Mr. Mayer's visitor of yesterday?"

Miss Ackerman sat down gingerly and said, "I don't know just what you want me to tell him. There wasn't anything—"

"Just describe her."

"Oh. Well, she was sent up by personnel. There isn't an opening, but she seemed unusually capable. She was here only a few minutes." Miss Ackerman looked lost.

Gregory prodded gently, "It's her physical description, mainly—"

"Oh, yes. Well, she was of medium height—one of those women who look taller than they are—and quite slender. Her hair was dark brown and slightly wavy. There wasn't anything about her features. I mean—they were all right; in fact, she was quite pretty, but her nose wasn't big or unusually small or—"

Kendall said furiously, "This is an unwarranted assumption on your part, Gregory. I think you have an unmitigated nerve. Did you bring me here to identify anyone from that vague description?"

Gregory said firmly, "Hold it, Kendall."

He said to Miss Ackerman, "What about this girl's eyes?"

"Her eyes. Yes. Well, as I told you before, they're a little hard to describe. I *think* they were gray. But I'm not sure. They were—very pretty, and rather unusual. They—" She stopped.

"All right, Miss Ackerman." Gregory smiled at her and said in dismissal, "Thanks so much. I'll try not to bother you again."

AS THE woman reached the door, he called after her, "Just one more thing. You remember her name—?"

"Her name was Mary Worthington."

The door closed behind her.

Kendall asked politely. "I thought Marta was being followed? How come you didn't know she was here—if she was?"

"Yesterday morning she lost her follower."

"You suggest it was deliberate? Because I'll tell you right now that she has no idea she is being trailed."

"You *can't* tell me that, Kendall. You don't *know* how much of an idea she has. She left home during the morning rush hour, leapt into a subway kiosk—and that was that. We didn't pick her up until she arrived home in the early afternoon."

Kendall listened with stolid hostility. His only answer was a question: "Tell me one thing—why did you bring me here?"

"Well—" Gregory looked compassionate, and a little tired—"I was disconcerted, and I wanted confirmation. We don't have much time, and you seemed to offer the possibility of a quick identification.

"The laugh's on me, Kendall. Look, why don't you go home and—"

Kendall closed the door on the rest of the sentence.

He walked and he thought, and he got

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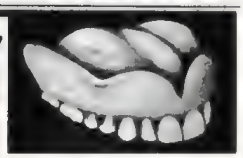

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nowhere, but as he entered his apartment, he made an astonishing discovery. The pain was gone. It didn't matter what she had done. It simply didn't matter what she had done. It simply didn't matter. Blackmailed or not. Culpable or not. Marta was Marta, and in some way that was quite enough. Perhaps he would ask her—tonight.

HE GLANCED at the living room clock. It wasn't three o'clock yet. Before he took off his overcoat he went to the telephone book, and he thought, I must memorize that number.

He said, "Marta, will you have dinner with me?"

She said, "Yes. But why don't we have it here?"

"I'd like that."

"Good. I'll go out and get some stuff."

"Six?"

"Before, if you can."

"See you, then."

He decided that Gregory hadn't been near her yet. Otherwise she couldn't have sounded so—blithe, so happy.

He smiled and settled at his desk—the Bible, the concordance, the Bartlett, pencils and paper in front of him—with a sense of calmness. This was important. This he could tackle and perhaps solve. The other—the other you left to trust, and six o'clock.

Two hours later his enthusiasm had dimmed considerably.

He had made a master list, which included every quotation Hollister had delivered himself of. With that list before him he had tried every trick of code, conundrum, or confusion he had ever heard of or could himself devise.

They all meant nothing to him.

One fact stood out: no matter how he attacked the words, from what angle he examined them, the Biblical quotations seemed the more important.

Kendall thought. Hollister had certainly chosen a bloodthirsty group of tales. Or, at least, fire-thirsty . . .

His head came slowly up from the Bible, and he stared into space. *"Fire." "Burn." "Hearth." "Burning." "Burn." "Fire."* And *"burning fiery furnace."*

Sure.

He read back. Every Biblical quote had something to do with heat and fire, hearths and burning.

He couldn't sit still any longer; he got up and started to pace the floor.

Marta's apartment? His original reasons for deciding that was Hollister's choice of a hiding place still held good. Marta's apartment was certainly the logical place. He could see the general layout, and the pleasant bedroom came clearly to his mind. The chair he had sat in dominated one corner; the bookcase was against the opposite wall; the couch was on the left—but what was opposite the couch? He drew a blank, but—it *could* be a fireplace; it was an outside wall.

He didn't need the telephone book; he had the number in mind now.

He gave up after the telephone had buzzed six times. She had said she was going out to buy food for their dinner, but he would have thought she'd be back by now. However, by the time he got there she would probably have returned.

Kendall reached Marta's apartment house at twenty of six. His impatience had pyramided to such a point that he was breathing shallowly and rapidly. By the time he rang the bell, he had himself pretty well in hand.

He felt slightly incredulous when his second ring brought no response.

He was expected. Why wasn't she there?

He rode down again in the infuriatingly slow elevator and then stood indecisively on the steps in front of the building. Wait for her? No. He thought it over, and then walked toward the avenue at his right. There was a corner drugstore across the side street, and he went in there and into the first telephone booth.

He had intended to call Gregory, but instead he found himself dialing Marta's number again. Perhaps her doorbell didn't work.

But the phone rang with a distant, phlegmatic insistence, and he let it ring a long while before he put the receiver slowly back on the hook.

AFTER a minute of staring at the bottle-green wall, he took out the slip of paper on which he had made a note of Gregory's number. Would Gregory be there so late in the afternoon?

Gregory was there, and Kendall was put through to him with surprising dispatch. But after Gregory had said "Hello?" Kendall found himself at a loss.

"Hello!"

"This is Kendall, Bob Kendall."

"Yes. Hello. What's on your mind?" Gregory's voice indicated that he had snapped back to normal. The weariness and confusion of the morning were gone, and he sounded normally boyish and buoyant.

"It's just that—Miss Wentwirth isn't home."

GREGORY said soothingly, "I wouldn't worry, Kendall. I talked with her around three-thirty. She was quite all right then. Any number of innocent things may have happened. Traffic at this hour— Look, we've got a man on her, you know. He's due to call in at six. Why don't you give me a ring in ten or fifteen minutes?"

Bitterly, Kendall said, "Have you any assurance the man hasn't lost her again?"

Gregory said gently, "Now, Kendall."

"Okay, okay. I'll call you."

The phone clicked off.

Kendall went back up the quiet street.

As he stepped off the curb someone near him flicked a cigarette lighter.

That was all; the man lit his cigarette and Kendall continued across the street, but the little incident had the effect of canceling out Kendall's feeling of isolation.

He mounted the opposite curb, crossed the sidewalk, and entered the small vestibule, where he touched Marta's bell. There was no answer, nor did he expect one. After a minute he chose a fourth-floor number and pressed its bell.

The door's lock buzzed invitingly, and he went through the door and back to the elevator.

The elevator stopped at six, and Kendall got off. Then he stood aimlessly on the landing.

The house around him seemed very quiet, and the hall was bitterly cold and surprisingly drafty. He shivered, turned up his coat collar, and looked around for the source of the draft. A window above him was open at the bottom, wide open. He mounted the few steps, and looked out—yes, it led onto the slotlike air shaft. He stood on the stairs, his hands resting on the dusty windowsill, and looked down into the shaft.

It was cold, so the windows were closed; it was comparatively early, so many people had not yet returned home and only a few of the panes had light behind them; and the glass weirdly diffused what light there was.

But they weren't *all* closed. The window immediately opposite him was open a couple of inches from the bottom. That must be Marta's dressing room window.

And it wasn't dark in there. That is—He stared. It *was* dark. Completely so. His eyes were playing tricks. He had thought he glimpsed light, a flickering light—

KENDALL reached up to close the window to the air shaft, and then stood with his hands on the sash, arrested in midmotion, staring at the window across from him. He tried to collect his thoughts. I'm

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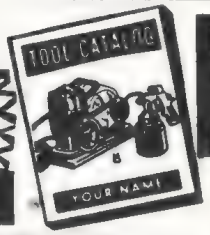

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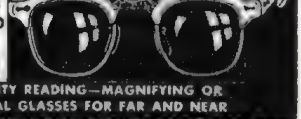

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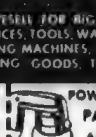

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not seeing things clearly, he thought. I'm jumbled. A few minutes ago I noticed something at that window, or inside. Whatever I saw reminded me of the man across the street. Was it a light, then? Like the man's? A cigarette lighter, or a match? No—it had another quality. Also flickering, but—

The light came again, and then Kendall knew what it was. That abrupt sweep of light was more than a flicker—it glowed bluely and rapidly across the pane and then went out.

A flashlight.

It was the final proof. *Someone was in there; someone was in there with Marta.* And she wasn't answering the phone. And there were no other lights. . . .

Kendall crossed the landing and climbed the last flight, which led to the roof. The door to the roof opened easily.

IT HAD been cold enough on the street, but it was unbelievably icy on the windswept roof. Kendall moved cautiously around in the frigid darkness until his sense of direction led him to the air shaft.

He drew his overcoat collar high around his neck, braced himself against the wind and looked over the wall, down the narrow slit. The weird faint light came up at him, and after a minute he could pick out the general outlines of the shaft.

It was hopeless. Any idea he had of going down that steep hole was doomed almost before it had taken form. There wasn't anything in the shaft but gray stone and windows.

Kendall leaned to the right. There was Marta's dressing room window, invitingly raised from the bottom.

He really had no choice in the matter, so he might as well focus on the practical aspects of the problem. The word "practical" struck him as being somewhat ironical, but he didn't pause to give it further thought.

The first question was, overcoat, or no overcoat? He finally took it off—unwillingly, like a man discarding a heavy robe to step into an icy bed. He instantly began to shake so violently that he found it difficult to control his knees as he bent them and placed his feet flat against the wall a few inches down the shaft. Then he edged his body sideways and downward, out into space.

He kept stubbornly inching downward. Drop my right foot two inches; brace my back; drop left foot. Then lower my hands two inches. What were his hands doing braced against the rough brick wall behind and below him? Nothing but bleeding—they were totally useless in the descent, but he was incapable of placing them in his lap, or of allowing them to dangle in space. A man is accustomed to helping himself along with his hands, and that he was pointlessly tearing them to pieces seemed beyond his control.

He was not fully conscious during the last minute or two. The inching motion had become second nature, something he did to keep alive, and herculean effort though it was, it was better than remaining still in the freezing current that bathed him like a swift arctic river. So he moved automatically downward, and for a second, when his hipbone hit it, did not recognize the rounded protrusion that was the top of Marta's window.

But there were two terrible minutes: one when, as he swung his feet to the sill, his stiff, lacerated hands slipped off the top of the window and he had started backward, outward, before he got another, last-minute grip; and a second when he realized that he might not be able to get through the small window.

He managed it. The window slid up noiselessly, and he went in feet first.

Kendall did not know, afterward, how long he stood, motionless and almost without thought, in the darkness.

The shutters in his eyes adjusted themselves to their environment, and the darkness had taken on form and shape, dark areas against darker masses.

Six steps took him to the bed, but before he reached it he could see its surface.

Marta was lying on the bed.

Her eyes were open and, as they stared strainingly up into his, full of messages. He could almost understand the tumbling thoughts behind the panic-stricken eyes. But her lower face was covered by the excess folds of a large gag.

Her arms were behind her, awkwardly so, and as he put his hands gently under her head to get at the knot of the gag, he noticed her feet—crossed at the slender ankles and tied together.

Her hands were beneath her, he realized then, because they, too, were bound together. His own hands, bleeding, fumbled endlessly with the thick knots at the back of her neck. When he finally got the gag off, she still was unable to speak.

"How many are there?" he breathed. Then he realized that the question demanded a verbal answer. "Two?"

Marta's head shook.

"Three?"

The head went up and down affirmatively.

Three men. Might as well be a hundred. They probably had weapons of some kind, but even if they were three little men armed with feathers, he didn't think he had a chance.

THE LAST knot gave and he chafed the slender ankles briskly until it came to him that he was probably doing more harm to his hands than good to Marta.

He moved up to the head of the bed and, still kneeling at the bed's side, pulled her toward him and into his arms.

"Listen, Marta. I'll have to go for help. I can't take you with me so I'm going to put you under the bed. It's so obvious a place that maybe they won't think of it right away."

"How will you get out?"

He hesitated. Then he said firmly, "Up the air shaft."

Her eyes widened. "That's impossible!"

He silently agreed with her, but he didn't admit it. "I came down that way."

She whispered thickly, "Bob, we'll have to hurry. They come in and look at me every now and then."

Of course. The flashlight. Well, they would hurry. But it wasn't so easy.

The big double bed was modern, which meant that it was very low to the floor.

With a good deal of squirming, sliding, twisting, and maneuvering, Kendall got her under the bed, but he wasn't satisfied until she had the added safety of being

under its direct center. By the time they had managed that, he, too, was squeezed under the low frame.

There, he thought. A lousy hiding place, but all that—

The shot came from the wrong direction. No one can hit us from the end of the hallway, he thought. Why don't they come in here?

Then they did come in.

The blasting of the silence was more shocking than any of the fears or confusions that would follow it.

Three feet came into view, inches from his nose, A voice right above him said in an hysterical, almost feminine scream, "She's gone!" Another, deeper voice, said with an effort to command and calmness that was in some way funny, "Of course, you fool. Where did you think they came from? She went for them." A squeak: "But how?" Another voice: "What the hell's the difference now? Help me hold this door. Don't stand in front of it! Are you crazy!"

Still another voice, from the hall: "Open that door! We'll shoot through it!"

A whisper: ". . . There *wasn't* any service entrance. Anyway, we're locked in."

"I warn you! Stand back—we're going to shoot!"

The whispers multiplied: "Sheer drop." "Air shaft." "—Can't tell them we have her, you fool! *They* have her!"

Another shot—very, very close.

Kendall lost track, because Marta had begun to shake. His head was turned toward the bed's edge, away from her, and the bed's lowness made it impossible for him to turn around. His inability to help her infuriated him. Only his left arm could reach her, and he tried to gather her in with that, and couldn't do it.

He kept trying.

It was minutes later before his own name coming out of the hubbub engaged Kendall's attention: "What do you mean, they aren't here? Maybe she's not, but I think she is. And Kendall's certainly here someplace. Maybe he's dead, but then there's a body. For God's sake, Schwartz, look around. Try the closets—"

Kendall said, "Gregory. Under the bed."

There was a startled second of dead silence, and then Gregory's voice—calmer and with the slight undertone of amusement Kendall had come to know and dread: "Hello! Well, you can come out now."

"That's not so easy. We're wedged. Will you lift the bed at the foot?"

The bed sailed upward as if it were a toy. Light poured over them. Kendall half closed his eyes against it and peered at the three men who were squatting in front of him. Then he ignored them.

He struggled awkwardly, stiffly, to a

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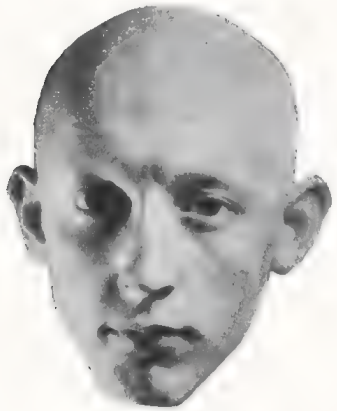

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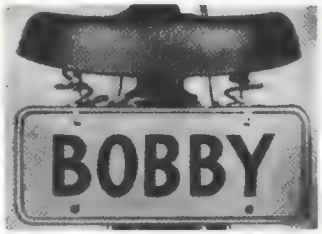

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half-sitting position, so that he could turn. He said, "Marta? Marta?" And to Gregory—the middle of the three faces—"Well? Get a doctor!"

Marta's face, lost in the masses of dark hair, was a bloodless little triangle, frighteningly white, deathly still, entirely without sensibility.

He felt better after the doctor had come and gone. The doctor said brusquely that humans lived on oxygen. "If you remove it," he added succinctly, "they faint. Keep it removed, they die. That girl in there was gagged?"

Kendall nodded. "She'll be all right.

"A night's sleep. Fine tomorrow. The girl's had a sedative. She'll be a little confused and upset when she wakes up. Just see to it that someone's around to reassure her."

"I'll be here."

The doctor eyed him sardonically. "And will she find that fact reassuring?"

Gregory answered for him, and Kendall could have kicked him for the little touch of amusement in his voice. Gregory said, "Infinitely, doctor. Infinitely."

When they had all gone—all except Gregory—Kendall sat in Marta's living room and looked across the debris at Gregory.

"How did you happen to come?" he asked.

GREGORY stared at him. "You don't give us much credit, do you? I told you my man would call in. He told me you had gone up twice and hadn't come down the second time. I sent him up to see if you were waiting on the landing. You weren't. So, obviously, you had felt it necessary to get into the place. We just followed it through."

"Um." Kendall didn't think it was quite as simple as that, but he didn't know how to phrase his objections. "But you haven't always been quite as—clear-thinking, you know."

"No? In what way did we fail?"

"Well, it's patently obvious now that whether she was at the *Courier* offices or not Marta was telling the truth throughout, and Hollister was lying."

"It's been obvious all along. Until the business of this morning—to which I momentarily gave too much weight—it was clear that she was and always had been innocent of any guilty connection with the affair. We had been watching her in the hope that they would try to get to her."

Kendall held his growing anger in a tight grip and tried to speak calmly. "Her—truthfulness—wasn't obvious to me."

Gregory shrugged. "You were prejudiced and consequently blinded."

"Prejudiced?"

"Sure. 'Never trust a woman.' "

"I didn't say that."

Gregory shrugged again.

"Anyway, if you were so sure she was innocent, why did you lie to me? Why tell me she was implicated?"

"We didn't exactly. We just went along. That was how you felt, clearly revealed by the first of your articles. It was easier to let you go on under that impression."

"*Why?*"

Gregory's boyishness receded. "Take it easy, Mr. Kendall. Our prime concern was to keep the information from reaching the wrong hands. We thought we could use your help, and so we asked for it. But when you showed an—ambivalence—in your attitude toward Miss Wentwirth, it was better to maintain that status than to have the two of you actively coöperating on a matter we simply don't want discussed."

Kendall said violently, "I think it was rotten."

"I was trying to keep you from getting in the way—from some quixotic gesture like that descent of the air shaft."

"It's a damn good thing you didn't succeed, isn't it?"

Gregory's voice was gentler: "For Miss Wentwirth's, yes. For us, not very much difference."

Kendall stared at him through a furious mist. "And how do you arrive at that conclusion?"

"After they got into this apartment, they were doomed. We would have caught them as they came out. Something might have happened to Miss Wentwirth, but—Well, it's a hard thing to say, Kendall, and you are not going to forgive me, but her life is a tiny, tiny consideration in all this. We're happy, delighted, thankful to God that she is okay, and we're glad, since it turned out all right, that we didn't succeed in diverting you, but it simply wasn't a significant part of our worry. It was more direct, important, from our viewpoint, to let matters pretty much alone, and just wait."

Kendall's fury had reached a dangerous stage. He stared down at his bandaged hands and said to himself. Hold on. Hold on!

GREGORY seemed very calm by contrast. "I'm sorry you're so upset. You are not going to believe me now, but I know exactly how you feel. Maybe you'll realize that later. As for the 'information'—the people concerned in our Government *know* what it is, Mr. Kendall. We only wanted to grab it to forestall them. But now—we've caught one of the most important Communists in America, and we can put him behind bars. We've also got another very important-looking prospect. In a month or so, it won't matter if they find and *publish* the information; we will have succeeded. This isn't too disappointing a dénouement."

A girl's voice, drowsy and low, called "Bob, Bob."

Gregory stood up. "I'll be going along. Hope Miss Wentwirth has a good night. And if I were you I'd stretch out on that couch and try to get some rest." He walked to the door, but on the threshold he turned around and looked calmly into Kendall's glaring eyes. He seemed to consider, and then he said deliberately, "You're probably in no mood to recognize it, Kendall, but we've done you a favor. You did come to trust a woman—completely—and in defiance of a good deal of evidence to the contrary. It's a very valuable asset to happiness, you know. Or you'll find out."

He walked down the hall, and then the front door closed with a little click.

Kendall turned and opened the bedroom door. **END**

THE LAUGHING PLACE

THIS CRAZY WORLD

These things happened this month:

In Beverly Hills, Calif. (where you can say that again): Jayne (*The Girl Can't Help It*) Mansfield said of muscle-man Mickey Hargitay, her intended: "He has the same problem I have—the outer body is deceiving."

In the world of the future (where the fat's in the fire): Statisticians predict that by the year 2957 the average American male will top 370 lbs. while his lardish love will hit a round 346.

In Havana, Cuba (where legs gotta think): Freud took over the new Riviera Club, which ordered all chorus girls and cigaret girls to take psychiatric exams.

In Lyndhurst, N. J. (where age doesn't tell): A chick of 104 was asked how she managed to survive to such a ripe old age, said she hadn't the slightest damned idea.

In Hollywood, Calif. (where it's the shape of things to come): Anita Ekberg, unclad in a dress split down to her navel, demurely murmured, "No more cheesecake pictures for me."

SMALL JOKE DEPT.

Better late than ever

"There's nothing like getting up at six in the a.m., taking an ice cold shower and running a mile before breakfast."

"How long have you been doing this?"

"I start tomorrow."

No fun in punland

Fate of the bashful girl: She worked all the crossword puzzles vertically so she wouldn't have to come across.

Age of consent

Jane: "I'm warning you, he's a real wolf. He'll rip the clothes right off your back."

Mary: "So what? I'm wearing an old dress."

Sign on a Florida highway:

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WORDS TO THE WISE

"I like men with wide shoulders, narrow hips and pointed heads."

—*Sophia Loren*

The little boy who could never remember what his mother sent him to the store for has grown up and is in Congress.

"In Hollywood, a kid is considered retarded if he graduates from grammar school with the same parents he had in kindergarten."—*Tom Ewell*

"Women should keep their waists down and their chest up."—*Jayne (Guess Who)*

Girls who look like dreams usually give a guy insomnia.

LONGER JOKE DEPT.

The Old Equalizer

First son: "Dad, I got in some serious trouble last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue."

Father: "It's a lot of money, but I guess we have to save the family name."

Second son: "I'm afraid I've got the same story, dad."

Father: "Well, that cleans me out."

Daughter: "Father, I did something rather dreadful last night and—"

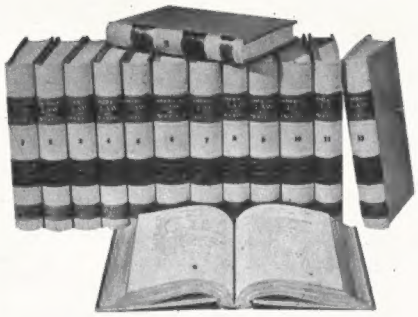
Father: "Ah, now we start collecting."

Slick Hick

A farmer's Model A collided with a Cadillac driven by an urbane, sophisticated man. When the drivers got out to survey the damage, the farmer said, "Well, friend, we might as well have a drink." He then hauled forth a bottle from his pocket and passed it to the nervous gent beside him, who drank deeply and returned the bottle to the farmer. The farmer merely nodded and stuck the bottle back in his hip pocket.

"Aren't you going to have one too?" asked the man.

"Reckon not," said the farmer, "leastways, not until the police have checked up."



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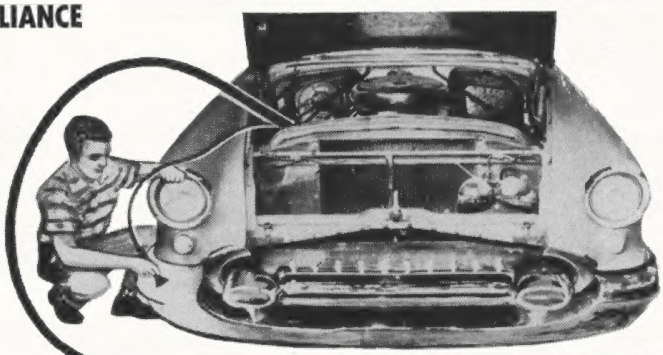

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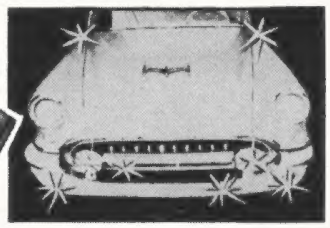

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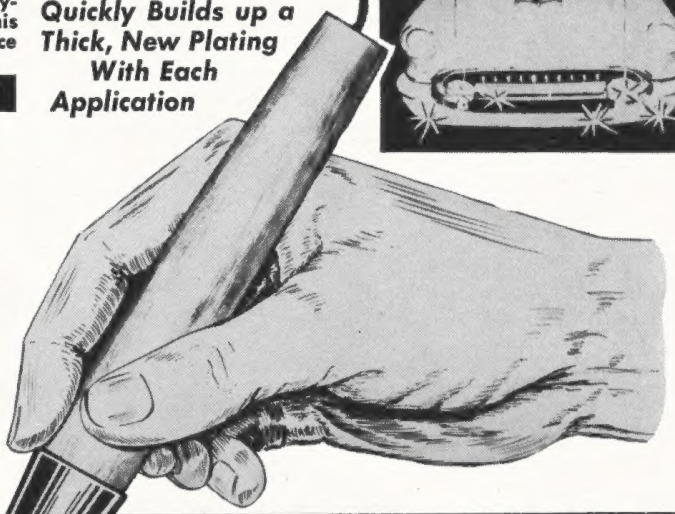

Make Big Money Plating Other Cars!

Now you can add to your income during spare-time hours ... because 8 out of 10 cars on the road today NEED REPLATING. You can charge from $5.00 for touching-up to $50.00 for replating an entire car. It's easy and there's good money in it for you. When your neighbors see the brilliant plating on your car, they'll surely want you to do the job for them! Replate other things for profit too—faucets, home appliances, table ware, cutlery, tools, doctors' and dentists' instruments.

AMAZING NEW SPEEDPLATER has already plated thousands of cars with Extraordinary Results! Here are just a few of the many unsolicited comments received from thrilled users: "... The outfit arrived O.K. and I must say it does everything you say it does and more ... Thanks very much for sending me something that is really worth many times the price you charge ..." Rev. M. D. Awtry, Naples, Fla...." "To say I am pleased is putting it very mild. I have got more work than two of us can do ... we have to start Booking Jobs Ahead like the family Doctor ..." Frank Sumner, Kokomo, Ind.

CAR DEALERS & SERVICE STATIONS *Make Big Profits with Special* HEAVY-DUTY PLATING OUTFIT

FACTORY RESULTS and BIG VOLUME BUSINESS can make a TERRIFIC PROFIT FOR YOU with this Super Plating Outfit. Do your own replating in minutes without removing bumpers or grillwork! Increase the value of your used cars! Heavy-Duty Outfit includes SpeedPlater Brush with Permanent Anode, wires and clamps, Special Wheel for removing pits and rust, Buffing Wheels, Buffing Compounds, Plenty of plating solutions for dozens of cars, special solution for stripping old chrome if necessary, Electroplates on current from 12 volt battery. ENTIRE KIT COMPLETE—only $34.95. You quickly make back cost of the outfit on your very first job! Additional solutions etc. always available from us at rock-bottom prices. Heavy-Duty Outfit sold on same MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! Mail coupon now. If C.O.D., send $5 deposit.

CASH REFUND IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED

MAIL COUPON NOW—YOU RISK NOTHING

If you want to put a new permanent gleam on YOUR CAR'S Bumpers, Grille, Ornament, Trim, you can do it right away and not risk a dime. If you are not satisfied with great results, it doesn't cost you a penny! Just mail coupon with only $1 deposit—then pay postman $13.95 plus postage when your kit arrives. If you send $14.95 we pay all postage charges. Either way you must be COMPLETELY SATISFIED or you may return all in 10 days for FULL CASH REFUND of purchase price. ACT NOW! HERE'S WHAT YOU GET: SPEEDPLATER Brush with Stainless Steel Permanent Anode; Wires and Clamps for battery hook-up: Enough solutions to plate several cars; Special Buffs and Buffing Compound; Special Metal Polish; Full simple instructions.

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- ☐ I enclose full price, send postpaid.

I understand that I must be COMPLETELY SATISFIED or I may return kit within 10-days for immediate CASH REFUND.

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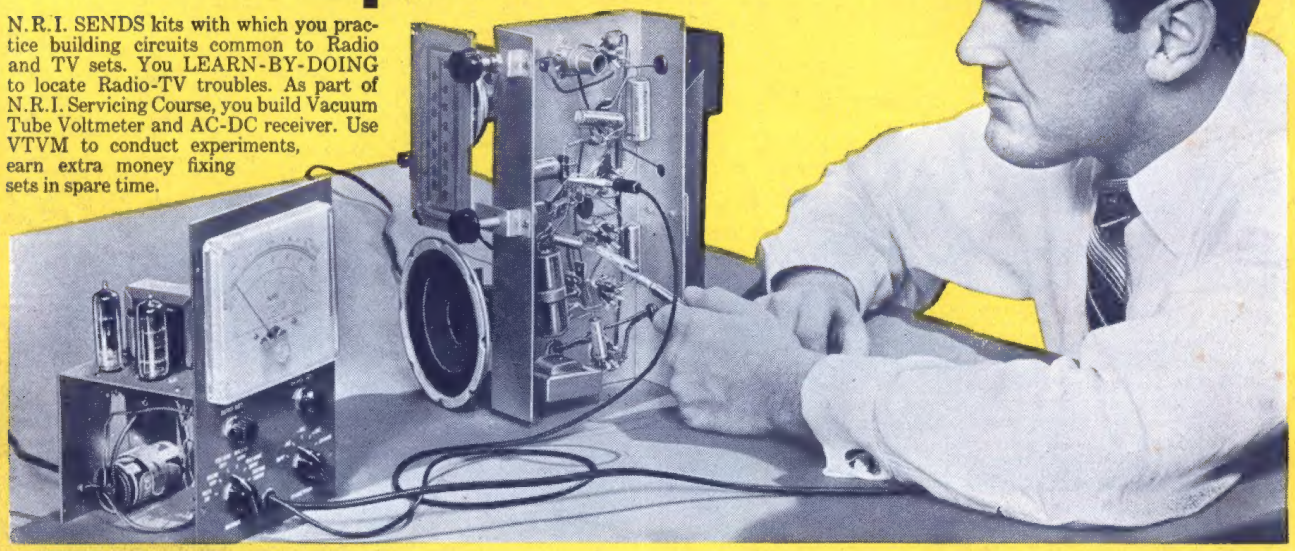
Learn Radio-Television

Servicing or Communications

by Practicing at Home in Spare Time

N.R.I. SENDS kits with which you practice building circuits common to Radio and TV sets. You LEARN-BY-DOING to locate Radio-TV troubles. As part of N.R.I. Servicing Course, you build Vacuum Tube Voltmeter and AC-DC receiver. Use VTVM to conduct experiments, earn extra money fixing sets in spare time.



RADIO-TV BROADCASTING (see above) offers important positions as Operators and Technicians. RADIO-TV SERVICING Technicians (see below) needed in every community. Their services are respected, their skill appreciated.

Fast Growing Field Offers You Good Pay, Success, Bright Future

J. E. SMITH
Founder

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Soon after enrolling, many NRI students start to earn $10, $15 a week in spare time fixing sets. Some pay for their training and enjoy extra luxuries this way. Some make enough to start their own Radio-TV shops. NRI training is *practical*—gets quick results. Easy to understand, well illustrated lessons teach you basic principles. And you LEARN-BY-DOING by practicing with kits of equipment which "bring to life" things you study.

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